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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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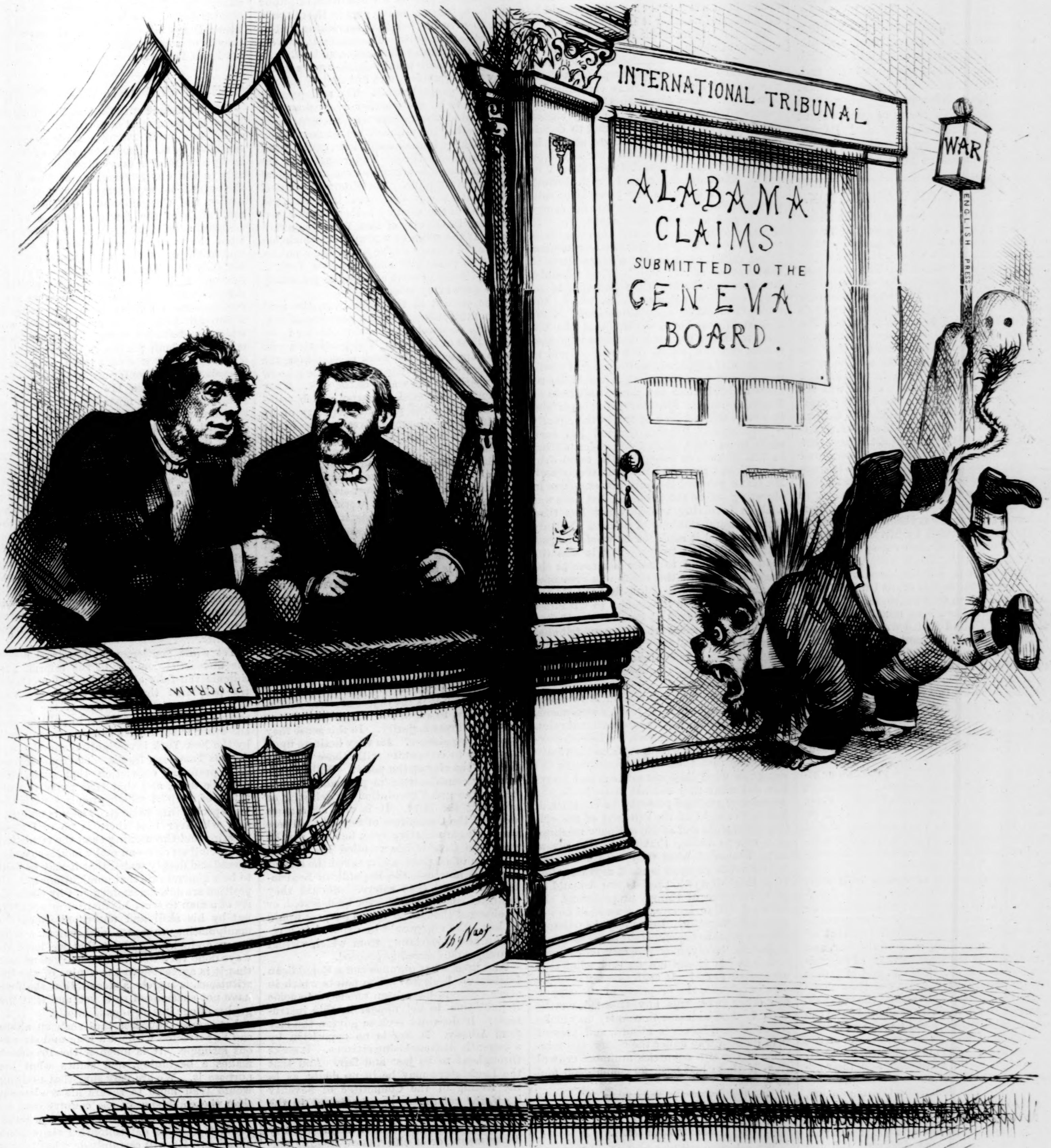

INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNAL
ALABAMA CLAIMS SUBMITTED TO THE GENEVA BOARD.
WAR
ENGLISH PRESS
PROGRAM
Th. Nast

"WELL ROARED, LION," AND "WELL SHONE, MOON!"

Lion. "You may now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roar."—SHAKSPEARE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, February 24, 1872.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

☞ We are glad to announce that a new Novel by the brilliant Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc., entitled

"TO THE BITTER END,"

will be commenced in Harper's Bazar for March 2, and will alternate henceforth with Farjeon's thrilling story, "London's Heart," which was commenced in the previous Number. One or the other of these stories will be continued in every Number.

"To the Bitter End" gives promise of the intense interest which characterizes all the writings of Miss Braddon, whose novels present a unique combination of powerful dramatic force and picturesque descriptions of social life which fascinate the reader's attention to the end.

☞ Subscribers will please excuse the inevitable delay in supplying them with the Back Numbers of the present Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar, which have been exhausted, but which will be forwarded as soon as reprinted.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

THE English excitement about the claims of the United States under the Treaty of Washington is most unreasonable, while the American unanimity and moderation of feeling are most honorable. The exuberant wrath of the English at what are called indirect or consequential damages, both now and upon the delivery of Senator Sumner's speech, is difficult to explain. When Mr. Sumner spoke of such damages there came an indignant reply from England that the island of Great Britain, and all the men, women, and children upon it, should sink before such a preposterous claim was acknowledged. And now when in the "case" of the United States submitted at Geneva the same possible demand is made, Mr. Gladstone, the British Prime Minister, says that the American demands are preposterous and absurd, and such as no people in the last extremity of war or the lowest depth of national misfortune would ever submit to.

Yet the American "case" has always been the same, and has always been known to England. It was stated by Mr. Seward and by Mr. Sumner; and after the speech of the latter upon the Johnson treaty, in which this very point of indirect losses was strenuously urged, the Senate of the United States maintained it by a vote which, except for one Senator, would have been unanimous. The case of the United States was stated again in the dispatch of Secretary Fish to Mr. Motley of September 25, 1869; and Mr. Cobden had anticipated it during the war, and declared in Parliament that England would certainly be called to a reckoning. And that there might be no pretext for misunderstanding the American case, it was set forth by the American Commissioners at the opening of the negotiations for the Treaty of Washington.

On the 4th of May, 1871, a protocol, or official record of the negotiations, was read in the Commission, and approved by it. From this record it appears that on the 8th of March the American Commissioners stated the American case. This was really composed of two parts, the direct and the indirect losses. The former comprised the capture and destruction of vessels with their cargoes, together with the expenses of pursuit by national cruisers; the latter comprised the transfer of American commerce to the British flag, the enhanced payment of insurance, the prolongation of the war, and the consequent immense increase of expenditure to carry it on. The amount of claims actually preferred for losses was then about fourteen millions of dollars, and the expenses of pursuit could be easily estimated; and the protocol adds "that in the hope of an amicable settlement no estimate was made of the indirect losses, without prejudice, however, to the right to indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made." The American Commissioners, therefore, proposed the amicable settlement by an expression of regret from England, and the payment of a sum to be agreed upon.

This proposition was declined, and the Commission proceeded to frame the treaty, which opens with the declaration of a desire to settle amicably all causes of difference. It continues with an expression of regret for the escape of the cruisers, and then defines the manner in which "the case" of each country is to be submitted to arbitration; and it concludes by declaring that the result of the arbitration shall be regarded as a "full, perfect, and final settlement" by each side. The indignant declaration of English opinion now is that the United States had no right under the treaty to make such a "case" as they have submitted, and that if they persist in making it, Great Britain will withdraw from the treaty. But upon what ground can Great Britain require that the United States shall accept her view of what "the case" might properly include? The original statement by the American Commissioners mentioned indirect losses as a cardinal part of the American case. Had the proposition been accepted to apologize and pay a gross sum, the settlement would have been final. But that was declined, and the American Commissioners, having expressly reserved all their rights, put into their case the substance of what they had always stated to the British Commissioners as the whole American claim. Evidently it is the tribunal, and not one of the parties, which must decide both whether such a claim should be satisfied, and whether it should be urged.

It is too late for Great Britain to say that she would never have concluded the treaty if she had understood that such preposterous and absurd claims were to be presented. If she did not know it, it was certainly her own fault. The American Commissioners concealed nothing; and when they signed the treaty, they left the tribunal to decide not only whether such damages should be considered and paid, but whether any damages whatever for actual losses should be paid. The London *Times* asks with warmth how indirect damages can possibly be estimated in money, and suggests that the vagueness of such a proposition is fatal to it. "If the American claim be true," says the *Times*, "there is nothing to prevent any neutral being called upon to pay a large share in the expense of any war." Very possibly. But does not the *Times* see that that is the very question, among others, which the tribunal is called upon to decide? If the United States should declare that the English refusal to pay such damages is preposterous, and that unless they will consent to pay them, if adjudged, the United States will not submit to arbitration, it would be no more childish than the present attitude of English opinion. Mr. Gladstone is certainly aware that under the treaty the equally "preposterous" English demand has been made upon the Claims Commission sitting in Washington to recognize the rebel debt as valid, and that the United States counsel, Mr. Hale, pursued the only proper course in objecting before the tribunal. Yet here was a claim involving probably not less than four thousand millions of dollars. Nobody ever supposed it could be or would be presented under the treaty. But it was the right of England to make her case as she chose, and because this claim was presented does any Englishman think that the United States should have threatened to withdraw from the treaty? And because the United States claim before the Geneva tribunal what they have always claimed, and what England always knew that they claimed, do Englishmen gravely propose to withdraw from the treaty?

The object of an arbitration is to determine losses and provide for their settlement, and also to define certain international rules. This is plain. If, therefore, the British Government wishes to withdraw from the treaty under the plea that its Commissioners did not know what they were doing, and therefore did what they did not mean to do, the desire may perhaps properly be considered. But in the light of the full text of the official documents and of the ordinary meaning of words to declare that the United States have demanded what they were honorably bound not to demand is most unreasonable. If, as English opinion insists, our demand is, in the nature of things, preposterous, the tribunal will so declare, and we shall be left without sympathy. But surely the tribunal must be considered competent to decide what, under the treaty, may properly be brought before it. If it can not do this, what is it competent to do? If each country is to decide in advance the propriety of the case of the other, why was any tribunal constituted? And unless each country may make its own case, however absurd, and present it in its own way under the treaty, the relations of the two countries are more critical than if there had been no commission and no treaty.

A WORD WITH THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

We ask the attention of the Legislature of New York, and especially of the Republicans, who are in a very large majority, and upon whom the responsibility of its action will justly rest, to the following facts.

When the public mind of the city had been thoroughly aroused by the proof of the enormous and universal corruption in the municipal government under the Tammany Ring, the honest men of both parties united in a generous and vigorous effort to throw off the power which was conducting the city to anarchy, and the country to loss of faith in Republican institutions. The union of good citizens was not unaccompanied by the efforts of designing men to turn it to selfish account. But the great body of reformers, which was the mass of respectable citizens, appointed a committee, known as the Committee of Seventy, to represent the purpose and direct the action of the movement. This committee was composed of men of every pursuit, well known and trusted by their neighbors, and their first duty was to present the facts to the public, and to organize action at the polls.

The history of the peaceful popular rising in New York against a degrading tyranny is as familiar as it is noble and inspiring. For the first time every voter, young and old, perceived that it was the highest duty to inform himself fully of the condition of public affairs, to take an active part in the canvass, and to give his personal service as well as his vote at the polls. The nominations were distributed among the parties, and although some grave individual mistakes were made, they were very few, and fortunately did not affect the general result. The real question was felt to be not whether every man who represented the reform was without stain, but whether the union of honest men, under the ordinary human conditions, could break the Tammany Ring. The result was the most memorable triumph ever achieved at the American polls. The strongest political combination was destroyed in a day, and with it fell the doubt whether popular government in the city of New York was a failure. If the reign of corruption, which has succeeded slavery as the foe of the republic, could be peacefully ended in New York, it could, for the present at least, be peacefully dealt with every where.

The contest at the polls over, the next duty of the people, through their committee, was the preparation of a new charter to replace that of the Ring. The gentlemen who were deputed for the work of sketching the charter were not of one party, and they knew by experience the wants of the city. They presently completed a charter, which, without depriving the political majority of its rightful preponderance, gives a voice to the minority, whose absolute suppression hitherto has been one of the chief sources of the trouble. The other substantial points in the charter have been considered in these columns and in all the journals of the city; and as the work of men working for honorable and not selfish ends, it has been received with approval and confidence as an admirable and practicable plan. That all its provisions are perfect is not claimed; but that it is adapted to the situation in the city, and that it satisfies the convictions and wishes of those who made and led the peaceful and happy revolution, is indisputable.

This charter is before the Legislature. It is its most urgent work. Its adoption would be the lawful conclusion and crown of the great movement in the city. It would do more than any single legislative measure can possibly do to secure the peace, order, and equity which it is the object of every fundamental law to establish. The Republicans are in the great majority. In this sense they are the Legislature. Do they hesitate upon any plea to co-operate with those who redeemed the city at the polls? Will they allow any consideration to persuade them to betray the great revolution by delaying or crippling the bill? It is the unanimous work of the Committee of Seventy. There was a single negative vote, but the gentleman who gave it has recalled his dissent. The men of all parties who saved the city at the polls now ask the Republican Legislature to secure that safety. Should they hesitate—should the charter be defeated, or so changed that its unity and purpose would be lost—the city would be exposed to a reaction and uncertainty from which virtual anarchy would speedily proceed.

And upon what grounds can a Republican Legislature hesitate? The points which in other charters have been offensive to some Republicans do not appear in this instrument. It does not seek to govern the city from Albany. It begets no opposition by apparently disfranchising citizens. It seeks throughout to be just and fair. And that the Legislature may be in no doubt as to the feeling of the Committee of Seventy itself, the committee has reaffirmed in the most emphatic manner its earnest desire that there may be no retention of the present city departments, or of officers now holding municipal positions.

The Republicans in the Legislature know how easy it is, by a thousand plausible pretenses, to baffle action and to defeat and betray municipal reform. But it will be a fatal error for the party, and a grave disaster to the city and to the popular principle, should they fail to pass this charter. It is not a question of the *Tribune* or the *Times*, of Conkling or Fenton, of the Administration or anti-Administration, but it is a question of Republican responsibility for municipal reform in New York, according to the wish of honest men of both parties.

We ask Mr. Alvord, a tried Republican, who is called the Fenton leader; we ask Mr. Speaker Smith, no less true a Republican, and called the Conkling leader; we ask Mr. Prince and Mr. Judd, young Republicans of unstained repute, and conspicuous among those who have sought to save the party from the sure consequences of the schism, whether the reform party of the city shall not have the charter which they wish. We pray the Republican Legislature of New York to remember that the people of the United States will this year hold to the sternest account any party which has shown itself indifferent to political corruption, and the most signal proof of such indifference would be the defeat, or serious change by a Republican Legislature, of the charter designed by honest Republicans and honest Democrats to secure the victory which they have won together over Tweed and the hordes of Tammany.

THE PEOPLE AND THE OFFICES.

The investigation in the New York Custom-house has been most opportune. It has revealed to a public attention made peculiarly sensitive by the general exposure of irregularity and fraud in every direction, and notably in the city government of New York, the natural consequences of a system which makes the Custom-house, which collects two-thirds of the foreign revenue of the country, a political agency. It shows also what the future results of such a system, constantly deepening and expanding, will certainly be. The investigation is a cry for reform. It is idle to attempt to hold this Administration especially responsible for a system—and certainly it is a system—in which all Administrations acquiesce, and which is defended to-day by a very large majority of both parties in Congress. The significant fact, it seems to us, is not that President Grant conformed to an inexorable although unwritten law, nor that he unquestionably made mistakes and yielded to pressures which it would have been better to resist, nor that under a wrong system there have been evil results, but that the President has steadily protested against the system, urging his party and public opinion to conform, until now he has officially declared his purpose to do what he can to regenerate the civil service. Probably no party, as such, is ready to dispense with the abuse of patronage. Senators and Representatives may, indeed, vote for an appropriation to enable the President to carry on his work. But, of course, they understand that the friends of a real reform of the civil service know that many of them hope that the money which they may vote will serve as a rope to hang the reform and the reformers together.

Yet while gentlemen in Congress assert the unconstitutionality of the reform, and ridicule the folly of its supposed methods, the people of the United States see two things very distinctly: one is the undue prominence of office-holders in politics, and the other is such disclosures as those made by the New York investigation and the prodigious Tammany frauds. The consequence is a profound conviction that something must be done, and that that party is worthiest of support which promises with the most probability to do it. There is no question whatever that there is no evil more pressing and threatening than the condition of the civil service—an evil which is so wide-spread and deeply seated that it may be said to be a general rule that nominations to high position are now determined, not by the ability of a man to serve his district or country, but by his skill and unscrupulousness in manipulating caucuses and voters. The happy-go-lucky argument that we have always done very well under the system, and that it is agreeable to the genius of our institutions, is merely a declaration that we have not succumbed to it yet, and that the genius of our institutions is idiotic.

Yet nobody supposes that such an abuse can be corrected without a long and strenuous struggle. It is much if the President makes a beginning, and shows what his purpose is. We are very sure that nothing would tend more to secure his re-election than the confidence of the country that he would push the reform forward from point to point. Of his determination there is no question. He will certainly do what he has announced. His purpose, as it should be that of every President, is to free the appointing power from illegitimate pressure; and to do this he establishes certain rules to help him. We say to help him, because, although it is true that the appointing power is chiefly vested in him, and that he is not compelled to yield to the kind of pressure which is directed against him, yet, as any man who is in the least familiar with the facts will understand, it is a hundredfold easier for a President to defend himself behind a well-considered system of regulations, authorized, as they have been, by Congress, than merely to oppose his will to the force of the system. The petition to Congress of the merchants and men of similar pursuits who, from twenty-one States, ask that fitness shall be the qualification and efficiency the tenure of office is a bright sign of the times.

THE FIRST RESPONSE TO THE CINCINNATI CALL.

A SIGNIFICANT sign of the times is the adoption by the Democratic Convention of Connecticut of two resolutions of the Missouri "Liberal Republicans." But the Connecticut platform and the proceedings are of a very different character from those of the same party during the war, when all its energies and eloquence were devoted to paralyzing the efforts of the Government. There is no consciousness of life or power in this latest manifesto. It begins by declaring that the Democrats of Connecticut regard emancipation and the equality of civil rights as established facts, although the Democrats of Connecticut have always done their best to prevent their becoming so. They "repudiate with scorn" the idea that the Democracy of Connecticut are in favor of repudiating any portion of the public debt, although the Democracy of Connecticut at the last national convention of their party acquiesced in virtual repudiation. The Democracy of Connecticut are also anxious for the people to rise and sweep selfish men from power.

If those people, in Connecticut or elsewhere, who during the war did what they could, without taking up arms, to destroy the Union, who before the war labored to perpetuate and extend slavery, and who since the war have striven to retain all of the consequences of slavery possible, have at last seen that their course was un-American and inhuman, it is good both for them and for the country. But their case presents two considerations. It is just possible that they are not so much persuaded of their error as of the necessity of seeming to be so persuaded, in order to recover power. If that be so, the fleece of the sheep is not large enough. If, on the other hand, they are really convinced that their policy has been wrong, upon what grounds do they ask for public confidence or for preference over those who have done what Democrats themselves now confess to be right?

The Democrats of Connecticut say that they recognize emancipation and equality of civil rights as established facts; but at the very moment in which they spoke the Democratic Senators in Congress were refusing to guarantee the protection of those rights. What security could the people of the United States possibly have that the Democrats would carefully guard rights which they have always despised, and for defending which the Republicans rose to power? That will be the omnipresent question in the campaign now opening. That is the question for all "Liberal Republicans" to consider. That is the question, as we said last week, which those who are invited to Cincinnati are morally bound to weigh.

The Democrats retain their name and their organization. They assent formally to incontestable facts. But they are the same men, with the same traditions and the same convictions, with whom the loyal men of this country have constantly dealt since 1860. If they have truly repented, let us all rejoice. But let us also reflect a little upon human nature and history before we insist that what are flippantly called "old issues" have wholly passed away, and that, therefore, a victory which the Ku-Klux would hail is desirable for the country.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

THERE are always thoughtful and despondent men who complain that their own day is the worst of days, and the men by whom they are surrounded the smallest of men. "In the Congress of the United States," says such a man, "there were once statesmen. But look and listen! Are these statesmen, or politicians brawling in a bar-room?" If this were not one of the oldest and most familiar of complaints it would be more startling. But the memoirs of all men who observed the public men and affairs of their times are full of the same strain. *Fortes vixere ante Agamemnon.* It is still distance which lends enchantment to the view. The visitors to the Capitol who sigh for what they call the great days of the republic, the purity of its first years, the grandeur of its later days, the dignity of ADAMS, the simplicity of JEFFERSON, the wisdom of MADISON, the magic tongue of FISHER AMES, the silvery grace of HENRY CLAY, the incisive subtlety of CALHOUN, the massive force of WEBSTER—have but to turn to the story of these men, and the kindly mist that made them large and roseate to the imagination disappears.

The disposition which regards our own time as the period of decline, and our public men as puerile rhetoricians or corrupt schemers, is as unjust as it is unhappy. Certainly our history furnishes few finer figures than ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and if any four years of any history has a nobler galaxy of heroes than the young soldiers of the late war, we do not know them. JOHN ADAMS is one of our most illustrious names, but he appealed from the base times and the little men around him to us. The simplicity and purity of the Jeffersonian epoch may be seen in the intrigues of the House that elected him, and in AARON BURR, his Vice-President. WEBSTER and CLAY and CALHOUN were the famous and familiar Senatorial triumvirate, but history will record that they merely evaded difficulties, and postponed to us questions with which they were not statesmen great enough to grapple. Miss MARTINEAU, in a paper published at the beginning of the rebellion, records her conversations with all these men upon the real question of the country, which she plainly saw, and all that they hoped to do was to escape the inevitable deluge. In "the palmy days" when there were "great statesmen" CALHOUN preached a doctrine fatal to liberty and the national existence; CLAY dextrously dodged it with his famous and fatal compromise; WEBSTER, denying its reason or constitutionality in his reply to HAYNE, surrendered to its menace on the 7th of March.

We see our own times closely, and the faults of our own men seem large. They are not, therefore, to be excused, and they are always to be exposed, for that is the condition of public life. A public man can not claim the immunity of the private citizen, because he does not act or speak for himself alone. But to denounce them summarily as knaves and dolts, or to encourage the spirit which does so, is to deride the American principle and to breed despair. Many of those who are despondent now we remember as desponding eight years ago. They begged us to observe with how little wisdom the world was governed. We looked, and we saw a race emancipated, a Union saved to liberty and prosperity, a great nation freed from a fatal plague, and the principle of popular government vindicated. The same despondency shook its sad head over the city of New York, and we have seen the good sense of honest citizens breaking the chains of corruption. We do not, meanwhile, forget that optimism is a seductive and dangerous counselor. But despair is an evil-doer. The man who honestly tries is the only man who really triumphs.

PERSONAL.

MR. DE LONG, our efficient minister to Japan, is a self-made man, who from small beginnings has fought his way to eminence. In 1856 he was constable in Foster's Bar township, Yuba County, California. He afterward studied and practiced law, went to the Legislature for several sessions, and then "struck" for Nevada, where he acquired a large and lucrative practice. He was twice defeated, by small majorities, for the United States Senate. In 1869 he went to Japan as minister, and has in that capacity made a record second to that of none of our diplomatic representatives.

—The DREXELS of Philadelphia have just purchased, for about a million of dollars, the valuable property, 80 by 115 feet, at the corner of Wall and Broad streets. The morning papers in alluding to this purchase have failed to mention the fact that for the single lot, 15 by 40 feet, on the corner of the two streets mentioned, the price paid was $250,000 gold, or at the rate of *twenty-one millions of dollars per acre*—the highest price ever paid for land in the world, being about three times as much as the highest ever paid for lots in the immediate vicinity of the Stock Exchange in London.

—Mr. PERCE, from the Committee on Education and Labor, in the United States House of Representatives, has introduced a bill in favor of reimbursing William and Mary College, Virginia, $65,000 for buildings wantonly destroyed by a body of stragglers from the United States forces, drunken, disorderly, and insubordinate, after the place had been evacuated by the rebel cavalry, on the 9th of September, 1862. This college is one of the oldest in the country. The buildings were originally designed by Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, in 1723. Among the graduates it has given to the nation are the author of the Declaration of Independence, the President of the First American Congress, five signers of the Declaration, three Presidents of the United States, its great Chief Justice, the first Attorney-General, one general commanding the armies of the United States, and many eminent statesmen, jurists, and soldiers.

—Mr. LEWIS DOXAT, one of the oldest London journalists, is just deceased, at the age of eighty-four. Seventy years ago he became connected with the *Morning Chronicle.* Afterward he was editor of the *Observer*, and conducted that journal during the long period of fifty years.

—The three "badgerers" of the GLADSTONE ministry in Parliament are Professor FAWCETT, Mr. ROEBUCK, and Mr. HORSMAN. Mr. ROEBUCK was once playfully alluded to by Mr. DISRAELI in this style: "His melodramatic malignity and Sadler's Wells sarcasm, wagging the finger and bating the breath, speaking daggers but using none." Mr. HORSMAN's speeches are terse and epigrammatic. He writes them out over and over again, each time destroying the copy and rewriting another from memory, till he has got it thoroughly by heart, so thoroughly that he can venture to interpolate any thing that occurs to him while speaking without being afraid of losing the thread of his story.

—The Lord Chief Justice of England has summed, in a series of criticisms in the *Academy*, the whole of the circumstantial evidence respecting the authorship of the "Letters of Junius," including that of handwriting, as lately brought forward by the Hon. E. TWISTLETON and Mr. CHABOT. Of course he is for Sir PHILIP FRANCIS.

—General EWELL, who died a few days since in Tennessee, made it his last request that a plain head and foot stone should mark his final resting-place, and that while his rank in the Confederate service might be inscribed upon it, there should be nothing in the inscription that would cast any reflection on the government of the United States. General E. had been in the habit of wearing a pair of blue infantry pantaloons, which he had purchased subsequent to the war. Upon one occasion, not long before his death, and when he could speak only with the greatest difficulty, he said of them, "After all my fighting against the United States so long, it is strange that an old pair of infantry pantaloons should kill me at last." He attributed his death to having put them on during the cold weather, after having worn a much thicker pair.

—Mr. ELLIS H. ROBERTS, editor of the Utica *Gazette*, and Representative of the Oneida district in Congress, delivered a speech in defense of Secretary BOUTWELL a few days since, which commanded the attention of the House. Few new members of that body have won so prominent a position as Mr. ROBERTS. Indeed, the journalists in the House, or those who have been journalists, including the Speaker, Mr. BROOKS, Mr. COX, Mr. ROBERTS, Mr. GETZ, Mr. KINSELLA, Mr. ROOSEVELT, and others, are among the most valuable members.

—General BONNEVILLE, of the United States Army, proposes to "keep it up," though on the retired list, and an officer of over fifty years' service. He signalized the fiftieth anniversary of his first marriage by getting married again. WASHINGTON IRVING has immortalized him in his "Adventures of Captain Bonneville in the Rocky Mountains and the West," first published thirty years ago.

—After thirty-five years' steady service, Mr. A. M. HOLBROOK retires from editorial and proprietorial connection with the New Orleans *Picayune.* The *Picayune* has had a successful and honorable career. For over a quarter of a century it was a power in the South. It maintained an independence that commanded attention and respect. The proprietorship is now vested in a company of three hundred business men, and its editorial management is intrusted to D. C. JENKINS, W. M. BURRELL, and DAVID DENNETT.

—The last survivor of the battle of Lake Erie, Captain THOMAS BROWNELL, U.S.N., has recently deceased at Newport, Rhode Island, in the eightieth year of his age. He was one of the 150 Rhode Islanders who accompanied Commodore O. H. PERRY to Lake Erie. In the battle, which was fought September 10, 1813, he was second in command of the *Ariel*, and being lame, went into the action on crutches. He was placed on the retired list in 1856. Commodore PERRY, by-the-way, was the youngest officer ever intrusted with the command of a squadron, at home or abroad, being at the time the battle was fought only twenty-seven years old.

—Mrs. ROBESON was MARY AUGSDEN—of an old Maryland family—very accomplished and a fine vocalist. She married RICHMOND AULICK, of the navy, who died some five years ago. She is a lady of striking appearance, tall, fine figure, beautiful arms, etc. Although quite young, her hair is perfectly white. Her husband, the jolly Secretary, as he is familiarly called, is a tall man, has a portly figure, ruddy complexion, blue eyes, gray hair and whiskers. He seems always merry, and looks as if he enjoyed life to the utmost, and didn't mind making the fact apparent. He has married for love, and is proud of it, as a man has a right to be. He is very much in love, indeed, and looks supremely happy.

—HENRY A. WISE has recently given to the public a new volume, entitled "Seven Decades of the Union," in which here and there are interesting personal incidents that transpired thirty years ago. The following, of Mr. CLAY at the very moment when he expected to receive the nomination for the Presidency, shows how easily a great man can become excited. Mr. CLAY had been fully warned of the machinations to defeat him, and would not give credence to the friendly caution. He would hardly credit the device and its success to the last. In the very hour of his defeat he was sitting in a room at Brown's Hotel, anxiously awaiting to hear of his nomination. He made most singular exhibitions of himself in that moment of ardent expectancy. He was open and exceedingly profane in his denunciations of the intriguers against his nomination. Mr. WISE had taken two friends from his district to see Mr. CLAY. They listened with surprise to his remarks, full of the most impudent, coarse crimination of others, in words befitting only a bar-room in vulgar broil. Of a sudden he stopped, and turning to the two gentlemen, who were dressed in black, and both strangers to him, he said, 'But, gentlemen, for aught I know, from your cloth you may be parsons, and shocked at my words: let us take a glass of wine;" and rising from his seat, he walked to a well-loaded sideboard, at which evidently he had been imbibing deeply before Mr. W. had entered. After receiving news of the nomination of HARRISON and TYLER, another scene occurred, which Mr. W. thus describes: "Such an exhibition we never witnessed before, and we pray never again to witness such an ebullition of passion, such a storm of desperation and curses. He rose from his chair, and walking backward and forward rapidly, lifting his feet like a horse string-halted in both legs, stamped his steps upon the floor, exclaiming, 'My friends are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them!' He mentioned the names of several, invoking upon them the most horrid imprecations; and then, turning to us, approached rapidly, and stopping before us, with violent gesture and loud voice, said, 'If there were two HENRY CLAYS, one of them would make the other President of the United States!'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the United States Senate, February 5, the Amnesty bill was again called up, and a motion to table it and take up the House bill was lost. Mr. Carpenter offered a substitute for Mr. Sumner's amendment, but it did not pass. On February 9 Mr. Sumner's amendment was adopted, and the amended bill being put to vote, was lost. The *Alabama* Claims question was calmly discussed in both Houses during the week.

In the House of Representatives, February 5, the validity of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments was indorsed by a heavy vote. In the Arkansas contested election case the House gave the seat to Boles.

The bill amending the New York Board of Audit bill was passed by the State Senate February 9, and sent to the Assembly, by which, on the motion of Mr. Hawkins, it was also passed. It now goes to the Governor.

The Democratic State Convention of Connecticut met in New Haven February 6, Mr. V. E. Burr, of Hartford, presiding. Resolutions were adopted identical in parts with those recently passed by the bolting Republicans of Missouri. Richard D. Hubbard, of Hartford, was nominated for Governor by acclamation, as were Charles Atwater, of New Haven, for Lieutenant-Governor, Milo B. Richardson, of Salisbury, for Treasurer, and John W. Stedman, of Norwich, for Secretary of State.

Hon. William M. Ely, member of the Assembly from Broome County, died February 5. Both bodies of the Legislature adjourned immediately upon the receipt of the news.

At last the Grand Jury have handed in their indictments. They are said to be thirteen in number—five against Mayor Hall for misdemeanor, five against Connolly, and others against Tweed, Peter B. Sweeny, and Nathaniel Sands. Mayor Hall promptly appeared before Judge Bedford, in the Court of General Sessions, to answer the charges against him, and by his request the trial was set down for the 19th inst.

Hundreds of Mormon women voted at an election in Salt Lake City, February 6, for delegates to a convention in favor of the admission of Utah as a State. General Connor and other Gentiles were elected.

A fire-damp explosion occurred in the Luzerne Company's mine, February 6, by which three men were killed and a number of others severely burned.

In the case of Phillips and St. John against the Grand Tower Transportation and Manufacturing Company, tried at the United States Circuit Court in Springfield, Illinois, a verdict for $200,000 was given after the jury had deliberated five minutes.

Ex-Senator Grimes died at his home in Burlington, Iowa, February 7, of heart disease.

Up to the 5th instant the sums awarded to Americans by the Joint United States and Mexican Commission amounted to $575,000. The amount claimed in the aggregate was $11,500,000. The awards to Mexicans amounted to only $86,000. The aggregate claimed was $18,000,000.

Ex-Senator Henry Genet and Assemblyman Thomas C. Fields were arrested, February 5, on bench warrants issued from the Court of General Sessions. The charge against the former is forgery, and against the latter for bribery in procuring the passage of the fraudulent relief bill for the old Fire Department of New York. They were promptly admitted to bail.

An accident occurred on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, February 9, by which twenty persons were more or less injured.

Seven trains are reported to be stuck in the snow on the Union Pacific Railroad at Summit, a few miles west of Rawlins Station.

The steamship *Morro Castle* reached New York on February 11, after a tempestuous passage, in which she was obliged to burn nearly $10,000 worth of sugar for fuel. The storm lasted upward of ninety hours, and was one of the most severe that ever occurred on the Atlantic coast. The vessel was skillfully managed by Captain Curtis, to whom the passengers presented a gold watch as a testimonial of their gratitude.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British Parliament was opened on February 6. The Queen's speech was read by Lord Chancellor Hatherley. Its chief feature was the relations of her Majesty's government with the United States on the question of the *Alabama* claims. Touching this the Queen remarked that the cases of both parties had been laid before the Geneva Conference, and added: "In the case so submitted by the United States large claims are included which are understood on my part not to be within the province of the arbitrators. On this subject I have caused a friendly communication to be made to the government of the United States." In the House of Commons Mr. Disraeli declared the royal speech singularly unsatisfactory. The American claims were greater, he said, than those which would follow a total conquest, and if admitted would be fatal to the power and honor of England. Mr. Gladstone, in reply, defended the government, and remarked that the American demands were such as no people in the last extremity of war would submit to. Mr. Ralph Osborne said that the astute American lawyers had outwitted the novices who represented England in the Commission.

The Right Hon. John Evelyn Denison, for a long time Speaker of the House of Commons, resigned his position, February 6, on account of ill health. Mr. Brand was elected Speaker in place of Mr. Denison, February 9.

The steamship *Colorado*, bound from Liverpool to New York, was run into by the steamer *Arabian*, when just outside the Mersey, on the night of February 7. Five of the steerage passengers jumped overboard, and were drowned.

The steamer *Electra* was run into and sunk by the ship *Dholeran* in the English Channel. Eighteen persons, including the captain, perished.

The new company which proposes to lay a telegraph cable from England to New York direct, and to transmit messages at $5 for ten words, has been registered in London.

In France, M. Le Franc, at present Minister of Commerce, has been appointed to the Ministry of the Interior. M. Goulard, now minister to Italy, takes the place of M. Le Franc. Both M. Dufaure and M. Larcy declined the office of Minister of the Interior. The extreme ultramontanism of the new Archbishop of Paris has caused the outbreak of a schism among the Paris clergy.

President Thiers was shot at, on the night of February 5, by a person who escaped. The ball missed its aim.

The Versailles Committee on Capitulation is reported to have obtained proof of Marshal Bazaine's treachery to the republic.

A movement is on foot in Paris, said to emanate from the Left Centre in the Assembly, to make M. Thiers President for life.

M. Leon Say has carried out his threat to resign the Prefecture of the Seine. His successor will probably be M. Cochin.

It is reported in Paris that M. Drouyn de l'Huys has been offered the French embassy at Washington.

Madame Ristori met with an accident while traveling by rail, near Perugia, Italy, February 5. She was somewhat injured, but not seriously, it is hoped.

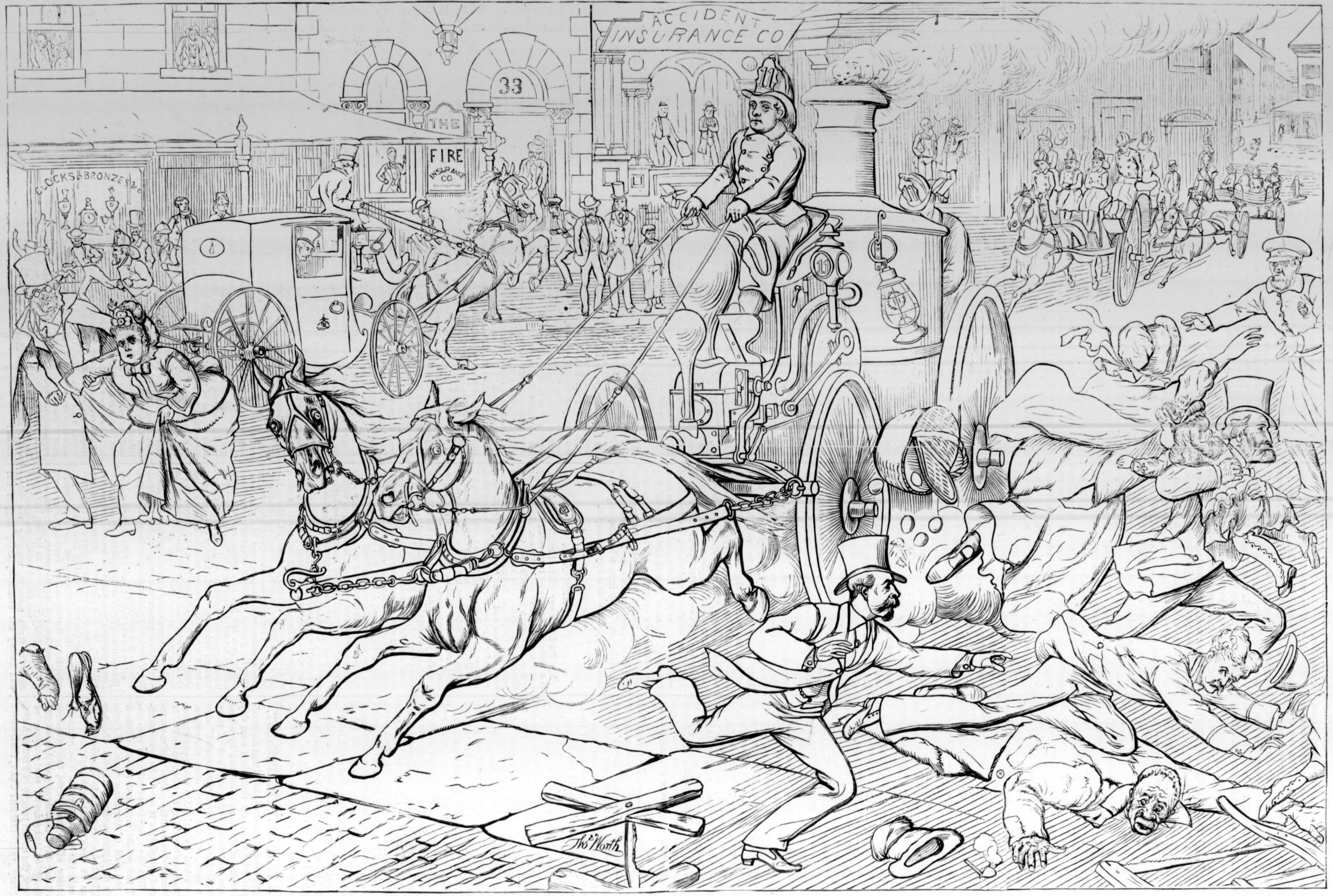
The Chevalier Nigrâ has been appointed Italian minister to Russia.

Thirty-six foreigners in the town of Grandil, in the Argentine States, were killed by the natives, sixteen of whom were shot in turn by the troops, and twenty-four were taken prisoners.

The late revolution in Venezuela is reported to have been suppressed by Blanco Guzman.

Fifty of the Kookas recently in revolt against the Anglo-Indian government have been blown from the cannon's mouth.

Speaking in the German Diet, February 9, Prince Bismarck said the government was disposed to propitiate the Roman Catholics, but its patience was exhausted. Hereafter Prussia intends to Germanize the Polish schools as France Gallicized the schools of Alsace and Lorraine.


ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO
33
THE
FIRE INSURANCE CO
CLOCKS & BRONZES &c
11
Thos Worth

RUNNING TO A FIRE IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by Thomas Worth.—[See Page 166.]

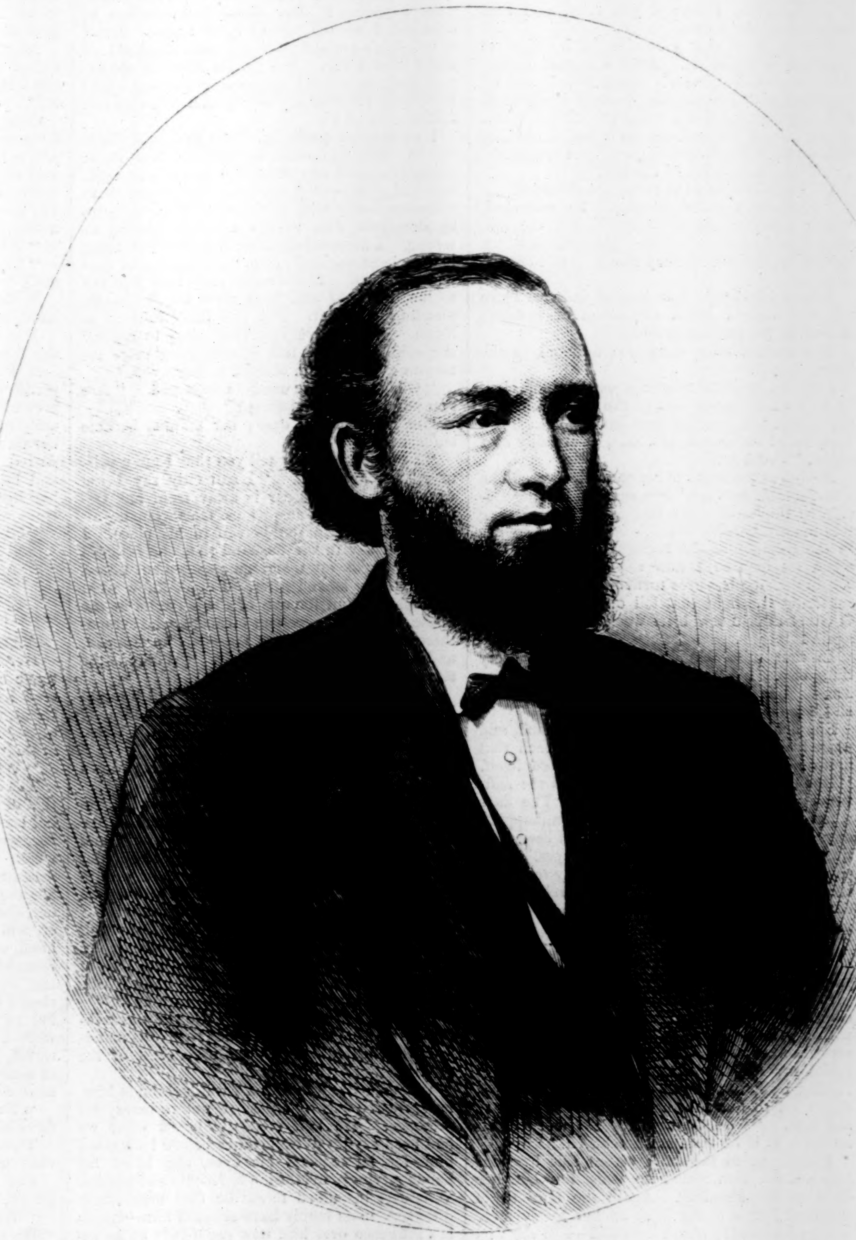
MR. HORACE WHITE.

In the journalism of the West there have been marked changes in the past ten years; and no innovator and reformer in his profession has been more bold, judicious, and successful than Mr. **Horace White**. He edits the most prosperous and influential of that quadrilateral of what we may call detached Republican journals, doing independent and not always passively obedient duty to the progressive party, which begins at Pittsburg with Mr. **Brigham**'s *Commercial*, embraces both the *Gazette* and *Commercial* at Cincinnati, sometimes includes the St. Louis *Democrat*, and, with the *Tribune* at Chicago, presents the most formidable bastion angle. It frequently happens that all these journals stand together spontaneously upon public questions; they have always respected each other; and yet each may be said to elect its own course, and to reveal the bent of mind of its conductor.

Horace White is the youngest of these editors, his years hanging well suspended between the thirtieth and the fortieth mile-stones. His life has been that of a Western student, relying for occupation for seventeen years upon journalism. He is a native of New Hampshire, and while a baby emigrated with his father to Beloit, Wisconsin. The father, a physician, died while **Horace White** was a child, and the young man owed a good Western college education to the equal and kindly care of a step-father.

He is probably the only editor of an important daily paper in this country who has educated himself by a systematic, sequential, and thorough primary course of reading and study; and this, pursued through a series of many unostentatious, modest years, giving him discipline and convictions together as it proceeded, brought him to the editorial chair with ripe acquirements and the will of a reformer. His predecessor, Mr. **Joseph Medill**, now Mayor of Chicago, had been a man of remarkable suggestiveness, fertility, and public-spiritedness, and had developed the *Tribune* to be the most popular newspaper in the Northwest. Many supposed that Mr. **White**'s accession was fortuitous or circumstantial merely, and that his youth and relative want of experience would soon be made manifest. A few knew better. Mr. **Norman Judd** bore testimony to the keen, genial, but withal searching personal acquaintance of Mr. **White** with substratum politics; Mr. **Coolbaugh**, the leading banker of the Northwest, to his intimate acquaintance with finance as a science and a commerce; and men like Senators **Grimes** and **Fessenden** were aware of his rare yet never arrogant mental boldness. The *Tribune* immediately changed front, and while in accord with its party on all proper points, developed an individual conscience, a discretion, and a prescience in the public interests, and a definiteness of purpose on some issues as yet in abeyance, which indicated a spirit that had come to lead as well as to follow. The new editor might have been presumed a partisan extremist, for as early as 1856 he had been a secretary of the National Kansas Committee, and on him, as was testified before the Senate investigation, devolved almost exclusively the distribution of arms, clothing, and money to **John Brown** and the free settlers of Kansas. But the Chicago *Tribune*, in Mr. **White**'s hands, has not merely been a chastener of its own party locally—it has met the shock of the blind indignation of its party nationally. When the Chicago Convention assembled, in the height of the Impeachment trial panic, and the impotent rage of tens of thousands of baffled place-seekers or excited partisans demanded a victim, the *Tribune*, which had not opposed the trial, defended the Senators who had stopped the purpose of it. The whole multitude then spent their vengeance upon this newspaper and its editor. In the fury of the time some of Mr. **White**'s associates lost courage. An opposition paper, which had cost its founders more than a million of dollars, appeared to have found its opportunity, and sought to build industriously in the dead lion's jaws. The occasion was the critical one in democratic journalism, and the issue proved that henceforward there was to be no martial law in partisanship over papers which owed the party, as a machine, nothing. The *Tribune* had its most prosperous year, commercially, following that revolt, while the organ of "the party" has expired.

Upon the subjects of tariff reform, currency reform, civil service, the limitation of the uses of party organization to issues of large polity rather than to mere patronage and civic rule, the Chicago *Tribune* has proceeded with zeal, conviction, and ability, and led the discussion in the West. It has labored to widen the charities of voters and of parties, and to break the violence of opinion. The measure of its power in these matters is its success. Earl De Grey, when in Washington, expressed the opinion that it was the ablest American journal.


HORACE WHITE.—[From a Photograph by George W. Barnard, Chicago.]

Mr. **White** is an author and a translator as well as an editor, and he was for some time an officer of the government under Secretary **Stanton**. He is a frail-looking man, with fine, expressive eyes, a large forehead and brain, a pale skin, and the stamp of a student. A true and sympathetic nature, yet never puling, hasty, nor overcredulous, a calm temperament, no greed for what is called success if it involves the least sacrifice of self-respect, and a disinclination for notoriety and office—these are qualities which enable him to make a powerful, benignant, and earnest newspaper, which is leavening the West with high thoughts, and pointing it to true aims.

When the late fire swept away Mr. **White**'s residence, barely giving him time to escape, and also burned the *Tribune* edifice and contents, in which $250,000 were invested, and imperiled a good-will and business of one million and a quarter dollars, in which he was a chief and the youngest sufferer, he was noticed for a few days to come quietly to his desk, and direct affairs in a meditative mood.

"He is a good deal cut up, is he not?" was asked of another editor.

"Not for his own losses. **White** is a man of a still, sympathetic nature, however, and he feels this misery upon so many whom he knows, and the loss of the city in which he took a good deal of pride."

Mr. **White** had the coolness, however, to write a narrative of the conflagration immediately, which filled an entire page of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and was one of the most discriminative and touching compositions on the fire; it was given to the editor of the *Commercial* in recognition of a timely equipment of type. About this time another visiting editor said,

"Mr. **White**, I hope you bear the situation."

"Well," said Mr. **White**, "I have one subject of paramount distress: there's **Tooke**'s 'History of Prices,' in six volumes, absolutely irreplaceable, because it is out of print. I believe that's all that worries me."

The *Tribune*, it may be added, found its building, on examination, only half destroyed; and such is the vitality of standard newspaper property that the very necessities of the fire increased its advertisements, while the circulation expanded proportionate to the diminished demand for the cheaper and volatile journals. The fact is patent that, except in extraordinary instances, a newspaper can not be deprived of the fruits of its enterprise by any differences with political parties, and that in great social and commercial calamities it is the new starting-point. The citadel of a daily journal is the news, and advertisements are also news.

The publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, **Alfred Cowles**, is of Ohio birth and Connecticut extraction—a sterling business man. One of its proprietors is Governor **William Bross**, who began the publication of journals in Chicago before any of his associates.

VACCINE VIRUS—HOW IT IS OBTAINED.

At the present time small-pox is prevailing very extensively in the United States, and the attention of the community has been, and is now, largely directed to the subject of vaccination. Such being the case, the source whence a supply of vaccine virus is obtained becomes a matter of general interest. Having been informed that a well-known public institution—the venerable New York Dispensary, situated at the corner of Centre and White streets—had undertaken the task of furnishing to the medical profession a supply of absolutely pure vaccine, we made the necessary inquiries, and were told that the virus supplied by the dispensary was obtained directly from the calf, and that it had never passed through the human system. Such a large amount is needed now that a fresh supply has to be frequently taken. For this purpose the physician in charge attends personally to the matter. The calves are kept in a country place, about thirty miles from the city, and are visited three times a week. Our artist was allowed to accompany the physician upon one of these visits recently, and the illustration which we present on page 160 is from a sketch made on the spot, and represents the process of taking the lymph from the calf. In no case is the same animal used twice, a fresh one being vaccinated at each visit. It is difficult to procure a sufficient number of calves at this time of the year, but unusual efforts have been put forth, and success has been the result.

VISIT OF THE KU-KLUX.

The artist, on page 160, pictures an outrage of frequent occurrence in some of the most turbulent districts of the Southern States. The scene is the interior of a negro cabin, where the little family—fearing no evil—is gathered after the work of the day is over. Suddenly the door is opened, and a member of the Ku-Klux Klan appears, with gun in hand, to take the life of the harmless old man who sits at the fire-place, and whose only "crime" is his color. It is to be hoped that under a rigorous administration of the laws these deeds of violence will soon cease forever.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

ON THE WAY TO THE END.—THIRD STAGE.

On former occasions of doubt or difficulty it had always been Oscar's habit to follow the opinions of others. On this occasion he was the first to speak, and to assert an opinion of his own.

"It seems needless to waste time in discussing our different views," he said. "There is only one thing to be done. I am the person principally concerned in this matter. Wait here, while I go to the house."

He spoke without any of his usual hesitation, and took up his hat without looking either at Mr. Finch or at me. I felt more and more convinced that the influence which Nugent's vile breach of confidence had exerted over Oscar's mind was an influence which had made a dangerous man of him. Resolved to prevent him from leaving us, I insisted on his returning to his chair, and hearing what I had to say. At the same moment Mr. Finch rose, and placed himself between Oscar and the door. Seeing this, I thought it might be wise if I kept my interference in reserve, and allowed the rector to speak first.

"Wait a moment, Oscar," said Mr. Finch, gravely. "You are forgetting Me."

Oscar waited doggedly, hat in hand.

Mr. Finch paused, evidently considering what words he should use before he spoke again. His respect for Oscar's pecuniary position was great; but his respect for himself—especially at the present crisis—was, if possible, greater still. In deference to the first sentiment he was as polite, and in deference to the second he was as positive, in phrasing his remonstrance, as a man could be.

"Permit me to remind you, dear Oscar, that my claim to interfere, as Lucilla's father, is at least equal to yours," proceeded the rector. "In the hour of my daughter's need, it is my parental duty to be present. If you go to your cousin's house, my position imperatively requires that I should go too."

Oscar's reception of this proposal confirmed the grave apprehensions with which he had inspired me. He flatly refused to have Mr. Finch for a companion.

"Excuse me," he answered, shortly. "I wish to go to the house alone."

"Permit me to ask your reason," said the rector, still preserving his conciliatory manner.

"I wish to see my brother in private," Oscar replied, with his eyes on the ground.

Mr. Finch, still restraining himself, but still not moving from the door, looked at me. I hastened to interfere before there was any serious disagreement between them.

"I venture to think," I said, "that you are both wrong. Whether one of you goes or both of you go, the result will be the same. The chances are a hundred to one against your being admitted into the house."

They both turned on me together, and asked what I meant.

"You can't force your way in," I said. "You must do one of two things. You must either give your names to the servant at the door, or you must withhold your names. If you give them, you warn Nugent of what is coming—and he is not the man to let you into the house under those circumstances. If you take the other way, and keep your names concealed, you present yourselves as strangers. Is Nugent likely to be accessible to strangers? Would Lucilla, in her present position, consent to receive two men who are unknown to her? Take my word for it—you will not only gain nothing if you go to the house—you will actually make it more difficult to communicate with Lucilla than it is already."

There was a moment's silence. Both the men felt that my objections were not easy to answer. Once more Oscar took the lead.

"Do *you* propose to go?" he asked.

"No," I answered. "I propose to send a letter to Lucilla. A letter will find its way to her."

This again was unanswerable. Oscar inquired next what the purport of the letter was to be. I replied "that I proposed to ask her to grant me a private interview—nothing more."

"Suppose Lucilla refuses?" said Mr. Finch.

"She will not refuse," I rejoined. "There was a little misunderstanding between us—I admit—at the time when I went abroad. I mean to refer frankly to that misunderstanding as my reason for writing. I shall put your daughter on her honor to give me an opportunity of setting things right between us. If I summon Lucilla to do an act of justice, I believe she will not refuse me."

(This, let me add, in parenthesis, was the plan of action which I had formed on the way to Sydenham. I had only waited to mention it, until I had heard what the two men proposed to do first.)

Oscar, standing hat in hand, glanced at Mr. Finch (also hat in hand), keeping obstinately near the door. If he persisted in carrying out his purpose of going alone to his cousin's house, the rector's face and manner expressed, with the politest plainness, the intention of following him. Oscar was placed between a clergyman and a woman both equally determined to have their own way. Under those circumstances, there was no alternative—unless he wished to produce a public scandal—but to yield, or appear to yield, to one or the other of us. He selected me.

"If you succeed in seeing her," he asked, "what do you mean to do?"

"I mean either to bring her back with me here to her father and to you, or to make an appointment with her to see you both where she is now living," I replied.

Oscar—after another look at the immovable rector—rang the bell, and ordered writing materials.

"One more question," he said. "Assuming that Lucilla receives you at the house, do you intend to see—" He stopped; his eyes shrank from meeting mine. "Do you intend to see any body else?" he resumed: still evading the plain utterance of his brother's name.

"I intend to see nobody but Lucilla," I said. "It is no business of mine to interfere between you and your brother." (Heaven forgive me for speaking in that way to him, while I had the firm resolution to interfere between them in my mind all the time!)

"Write your letter," he said, "on condition that I see the reply."

"It is needless, I presume, for me to make the same stipulation?" added the rector. "In my parental capacity—"

I recognized his parental capacity before he could say any more. "You shall both see the reply," I said, and sat down to my letter—writing merely what I had told them I should write: "Dear Lucilla, I have just returned from the Continent. For the sake of justice, and for the sake of old times, let me see you immediately—without mentioning our appointment to any body. I pledge myself to satisfy you in five minutes that I have never been unworthy of your affection and your confidence. The bearer waits for your reply."

I handed those lines to the two gentlemen to read. Mr. Finch made no remark—he was palpably dissatisfied at the secondary position which he occupied. Oscar said, "I see no objection to the letter. I will do nothing until I have read the answer." With those words, he dictated to me his cousin's address. I gave the letter myself to one of the servants at the hotel.

"Is it far from here?" I asked.

"Barely ten minutes' walk, ma'am."

"You understand that you are to wait for an answer?"

"Yes, ma'am."

He went out. As well as I can remember, an interval of at least half an hour passed before his return. You will form some idea of the terrible oppression of suspense that now laid its slowly torturing weight on all three of us, when I tell you that not one word was spoken in the room from the time when the servant went out to the time when the servant came in again.

When the man returned he had a letter in his hand!

My fingers shook so that I could hardly open it. Before I had read a word the sight of the writing struck a sudden chill through me. The body of the note was written by the hand of a stranger! And the signature at the end was traced in the large, straggling, childish characters which I remembered so well, when Lucilla had written her first letter to Oscar in the days when she was blind!

The note was expressed in these strange words: "I can not receive you here; but I can, and will, come to you at your hotel if you will wait for me. I am not able to appoint a time. I can only promise to watch for my first opportunity, and to take advantage of it instantly—for your sake and for mine."

But one interpretation could be placed on such language as this. Lucilla was not a free agent. Both Oscar and the rector were now obliged to acknowledge that my view of the case had been the correct one. If it was impossible for me to be received into the house, how doubly impossible would it be for the men to gain admission! Oscar, after reading the note, withdrew to the further end of the room, keeping his thoughts to himself. Mr. Finch decided on stepping out of his secondary position by forthwith taking a course of his own.

"Am I to infer," he began, "that it is really useless for me to attempt to see my own child?"

"Her letter speaks for itself," I replied. "If you attempt to see her, you will probably be the means of preventing your daughter from coming here."

"In my parental capacity," continued Mr. Finch, "it is impossible for me to remain passive. As a brother clergyman, I have, I conceive, a claim on the rector of this parish. It is quite likely that notice may have been already given of this fraudulent marriage. In that case, it is not only my duty to myself and my child—it is my duty to the Church, to confer with my reverend colleague. I go to confer with him." He strutted to the door, and added, "If Lucilla arrives in my absence, I invest you with my authority, Madame Pratolungo, to detain her until my return." With that parting charge to me, he walked out.

I looked at Oscar. He came slowly toward me from the other end of the room.

"You will wait here, of course?" he said.

"Of course. And you?"

"I shall go out for a little while."

"For any particular purpose?"

"No. To get through the time. I am weary of waiting."

I felt positively assured, from the manner in which he answered me, that he was going—now he had got rid of Mr. Finch—straight to his cousin's house.

"You forget," I said, "that Lucilla may come here while you are out. Your presence in the room, or in the room next to this, may be of the greatest importance, when I tell her what your brother has done. Suppose she refuses to believe me? What am I to do if I have not got you to appeal to? In your own interest, as well as in Lucilla's, I request you to remain here with me till she comes."

Putting it on that ground only, I waited to see what he would do. After a certain hesitation, he answered, with a sullen assumption of indifference, "Just as you please!" and walked away again toward the other end of the room. As he turned his back on me I heard him say to himself, "It's only waiting a little longer!"

"Waiting for what?" I asked.

He looked round at me over his shoulder.

"Patience for the present!" he answered. "You will hear soon enough." For the moment I said no more to him. The tone in which he had replied warned me that it would be useless.

After an interval—how long an interval I can not well say—I heard the sound of women's dresses in the passage outside.

The instant after there was a knock at the door.

I signed to Oscar to open a second door, close by him at the lower end of the room, and (for the moment at least) to keep out of sight. Then I answered the knock, and said, as steadily as I could, "Come in."

A woman unknown to me entered, dressed like a respectable servant. She came in leading Lucilla by the hand. My first look at my darling told me the horrible truth. As I had seen her in the corridor at the rectory on the first day when we met, so I now saw her once more. Again the sightless eyes turned on me, insensibly reflecting the light that fell on them. Blind! O God! after a few brief weeks of sight, blind again!

In that miserable discovery I forgot every thing else. I flew to her, and caught her in my arms. I cast one look at her pale, wasted face, and burst out crying on her bosom.

She held my head gently with one hand, and waited with the patience of an angel until that first outbreak of my grief had exhausted itself. "Don't cry about my blindness," said the soft, sweet voice that I knew so well. "The days when I had my sight have been the unhappiest days of my life. If I look as if I had been fretting, don't think it is about my eyes." She paused, and sighed bitterly. "I may tell *you*," she went on, in a whisper. "It's a relief, it's a consolation, to tell *you*. I am fretting about my marriage."

Those words roused me. I lifted my head and kissed her. "I have come back to comfort you," I said; "and I have behaved like a fool."

She smiled faintly. "How like you," she exclaimed, "to say that!" She tapped my cheek with her fingers in the old familiar way. The repetition of that little trifling action almost broke my heart. I nearly choked myself in forcing back the stupid, cowardly, useless tears that tried to burst from me again. "Come!" she said. "No more crying. Let us sit down and talk as if we were at Dimchurch."

I took her to the sofa: we sat side by side. She put her arm round my waist and laid her head on my shoulder. Again the faint smile flickered like a dying light on her lovely face, wan and wasted, yet still beautiful—still the Virgin's face in Raphael's picture. "We are a strange pair," she said, with a momentary flash of her old irresistible humor. "You are my bitterest enemy, and you burst out crying over me the moment we meet. I have been shockingly treated by you, and I have got my arm round your waist and my head on your shoulder, and I wouldn't let go of you for the world!" Her face saddened again; her voice suddenly altered its tone. "Tell me," she went on, "how is it that appearances were so terribly against you? Oscar satisfied me, at Ramsgate, that I ought to give you up, that I ought never to see you again. I took his view—there is no denying it, my dear—I agreed with him in detesting you, for a little while. But when the blindness came back, I could keep it up no longer. Little by little, as the light died out, my heart *would* turn to you again. When I heard your letter read, when I knew that you were near me, it was just like the old times; I was mad to see you. And here I am—satisfied, before you explain it to me, that you have been the victim of some terrible mistake."

I tried, in grateful acknowledgment of those generous words, to enter on my justification there and then. It was impossible. I could think of nothing, I could speak of nothing, but the dreadful discovery of her blindness.

"Give me a few minutes," I said, "and you shall hear it all. I can't talk of myself yet; I can only talk of you. Oh, Lucilla, why did you keep away from Grosse? Come with me to him to-day. Let him try what he can do. At once, my love—before it is too late!"

"It *is* too late," she said. "I have been to another oculist—a stranger. He said what Mr. Sebright said: he doubted if there was ever any chance for me; he thought the operation ought never to have been performed."

"Why did you go to a stranger?" I asked. "Why did you give up Grosse?"

"You must ask Oscar," she answered. "It was at his desire that I kept away from Grosse."

Hearing this, I penetrated for myself the motive which had actuated Nugent, as I afterward found it set forth in the Journal. If he had let Lucilla go to Grosse, our good German might have noticed that her position was preying on her mind, and might have seen his reasons for exposing the deception that Nugent was practicing on her. For the rest, I still persisted in entreating Lucilla to go back with me to our old friend.

"Remember our conversation on this very subject," she rejoined, shaking her head decisively. "I mean at the time when the operation was going to be performed. I told you I was used to being blind. I said I only wanted to recover my sight to see Oscar. And when I did see him—what happened? The disappointment was so dreadful, I wished myself blind again. Don't start! don't cry out as if you were shocked! I mean what I say. You people who can see attach such an absurd importance to your eyes! Don't you recollect my saying that when we last talked about it?"

I recollected perfectly. She had said those words. She had declared that she had never honestly envied any of us the use of our eyes. She had even reviled our eyes; comparing them contemptuously with *her* touch; deriding them as deceivers who were constantly leading us wrong. I acknowledged all this, without being in the least reconciled to the catastrophe that had happened. If she would only have listened to me, I should still have gone on obstinately pleading with her. But she flatly refused to listen. "We have very little time to spare," she said. "Let us talk of something more interesting before I am obliged to leave you."

"Obliged to leave me?" I repeated. "Are you not your own mistress?"

Her face clouded over; her manner became embarrassed.

"I can not honestly tell you that I am a prisoner," she answered. "I can only say I am watched. When Oscar is away from me, Oscar's cousin—a sly, suspicious, false woman—always contrives to put herself in his place. I heard her say to her husband that she believed I should break my marriage engagement unless I was closely looked after. I don't know what I should do but for one of the servants in the house, who is an excellent creature, who sympathizes with me and helps me—" She stopped, and lifted her head inquiringly. "Where *is* the servant?" she asked.

I had forgotten the woman who had brought her into the room. She must have delicately left us together after leading Lucilla in. When I looked up she was not to be seen.

"The servant is, no doubt, waiting down stairs," I said. "Go on."

"But for that good creature," Lucilla resumed, "I should never have got here. She brought me your letter, and read it to me, and wrote my reply. I arranged with her to slip out at the first opportunity. One chance was in our favor—we had only the cousin to keep an eye on us. Oscar was not in the house."

She suddenly checked herself at the last word. A slight sound at the lower end of the room, which had passed unnoticed by me, had caught her delicate ear. "What is that noise?" she asked. "Any body in the room with us?"

I looked up once more. While she was talking of the false Oscar, the true Oscar was standing listening to her at the other end of the room.

When he discovered that I was looking at him, he entreated me by a gesture not to betray his presence. He had evidently heard what we had been saying to each other before I detected him, for he touched his eyes, and lifted his hands pityingly in allusion to Lucilla's blindness. Whatever his mood might be, that melancholy discovery must surely have affected him—Lucilla's influence over him now *could* only be an influence for good! I signed to him to remain, and told Lucilla that there was nothing to be alarmed about. She went on.

"Oscar went to London early this morning," she said. "Can you guess what he has gone for? He has gone to get the Marriage License—he has given notice of the marriage at the church! My last hope is in you. In spite of every thing that I can say to him, he has fixed the day for the twenty-first—in two days more! I have done all I could to put it off; I have insisted on every possible delay. Oh, if you knew—" Her rising agitation stifled her utterance for the moment. "I mustn't waste the precious minutes; I must get back before Oscar returns," she went on, rallying again. "Oh, my old friend, you are never at a loss; you always know what to do! Find me some way of putting off my marriage. Suggest something which will take them by surprise, and force them to give me time!"

I looked toward the lower end of the room. Listening in breathless interest, Oscar had noiselessly advanced half-way toward us. At a sign from me he checked himself, and came no farther.

"Do you really mean, Lucilla, that you no longer love him?" I said.

"I can tell you nothing about it," she answered, "except that some dreadful change has come over me. While I had my sight I could partly account for it—I believed that the new sense had made a new being of me. But now I have lost my sight again—now I am once more what I have been all my life—still the same horrible insensibility possesses me. I have so little feeling for him that I sometimes find it hard to persuade myself that he really *is* Oscar. You know how I used to adore him; you know how enchanted I should once have been to marry him. Think of what I must suffer, feeling toward him as I feel now!"

I looked up again. Oscar had stolen nearer; I could see his face plainly. The good influence of Lucilla was beginning to do its good work! I saw the tears rising in his eyes; I saw love and pity taking the place of hatred and revenge. The Oscar of my old recollections was standing before me once more!

"I don't want to go away," Lucilla went on; "I don't want to leave him. All I ask for is a little more time. Time *must* help me to get back again to my old self. My blind days have been the days of my whole life. Can a few weeks of sight have deprived me of the feelings which have been growing in me for years? I won't believe it! I can find my way about the house; I can tell things by my touch; I can do all that I did in my blindness, just as well as ever, now I am blind again. The feeling for *him* will come back to me like the rest. Only give me time! only give me time!"

At the last word she started to her feet in sudden alarm. "There *is* some one in the room," she said. "Some one who is crying! Who is it?"

Oscar was close to us. The tears were falling fast over his cheeks; the one faint, sobbing breath which had escaped him had caught my ear as well as Lucilla's. I took his hand in one of my hands, and I took Lucilla's hand in the other. For good or for evil, the result rested with God's mercy. The time had come.

"Who is it?" Lucilla repeated, impatiently.

"Try if you can tell, my love, without asking me."

With those words, I put her hand in Oscar's hand, and stood close, watching her face.

For one awful moment, when she first felt the familiar touch, the blood left her cheeks. Her blind eyes dilated fearfully. She stood petrified. Then, with a long, low cry—a cry of breathless rapture—she flung her arms passionately round his neck. The life flowed back into her face; her lovely smile just trembled on her parted lips; her breath came faint and quick and fluttering. In soft tones of ecstasy, with her lips on his cheek, she murmured the delicious words:

"Oh, Oscar! I know you once more!"

CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

A LITTLE interval of time elapsed.

Her first exquisite sense of the recognition by touch had passed away. Her mind had recovered its balance. She separated herself from Oscar, and turned to me, with the one inevitable question which I knew must follow the joining of their hands.

"What does it mean?"

The exposure of Nugent's perfidy; the revelation of the fatal secret of Oscar's face; and last, not least, the defense of my own conduct toward her, were all comprehended in the answer for which that question called. As carefully, as delicately, as mercifully as I could, I disclosed to her the whole truth. How the shock affected her, she did not tell me at the time, and has never told me since. With her hand in Oscar's hand, with her face hidden on Oscar's breast, she listened; not once interrupting me, from first to last, by so much as a single word. Now and then I saw her tremble; now and then I heard her sigh heavily. That was all. It was only when I had ended—it was only after a long interval, during which Oscar and I watched her in speechless anxiety—that she slowly lifted her head and broke the silence.

"Thank God," we heard her say to herself, fervently—"thank God, I am blind!"

Those were her first words. They filled me with horror. I cried out to her to recall them.

She quietly laid her head back on Oscar's breast.

"Why should I recall them?" she asked. "Do you think I wish to see him, disfigured as he is now? No! I wish to see him—and I *do* see him!—as my fancy drew his picture in the first days of our love. My blindness is my blessing. It has given me back my old delightful sensation when I touch him; it keeps my own beloved image of him—the one image I care for—unchanged and unchangeable. You *will* persist in thinking that my happiness depends on my sight. I look back with horror at what I suffered when I had my sight—my one effort is to forget that miserable time. Oh, how little you know of me! Oh, what a loss it would be to me if I saw him as you see him! Try to understand me, and you won't talk of my affliction—you will talk of my gain."

"Your gain?" I repeated. "What have you gained?"

"Happiness," she answered. "My life lives in my love. And my love lives in my blindness."

There was the story of her whole existence—told in two words!

If you had seen her radiant face as she raised it again in the excitement of speaking—if you had remembered (as I remembered) what her surgeon had said of the penalty which she must inevitably pay for the recovery of her sight—how would you have answered her? It is barely possible, perhaps, that you might have done what I did. That is to say: you might have modestly admitted that she knew what the conditions of her happiness were better than you—and you might not have answered her at all!

I left Oscar and Lucilla to talk together, and took a turn in the room, considering with myself what we were to do next.

It was not easy to say. The barren information which I had received from my darling was all the information that I possessed. Nugent had unflinchingly carried his cruel deception to its end. He had falsely given notice of his marriage at the church in his brother's name, and he was now in London falsely obtaining his Marriage License in his brother's name also. So much I knew of his proceedings, and no more.

While I was still pondering, Lucilla cut the Gordian knot.

"Why are we stopping here?" she asked. "Let us go—and never return to this hateful place again!"

As she rose to her feet we were startled by a soft knock at the door.

I answered the knock. The woman who had brought Lucilla to the hotel appeared once more. She seemed to be afraid to venture far from the door. Standing just inside the room, she looked nervously at Lucilla, and said, "Can I speak to you, miss?"

"You can say any thing you like before this lady and gentleman," Lucilla answered. "What is it?"

"I'm afraid we have been followed, miss."

"Followed! By whom?"

"By the lady's-maid. I saw her, a little while since, looking up at the hotel, and then she went back in a hurry on the way to the house—and that's not the worst of it, miss."

"What else has happened?"

"We have made a mistake about the railway," said the woman. "There's a train from London that we didn't notice in the time-table. They tell me down stairs it came in more than a quarter of an hour ago. Please to come back, miss, or I fear we shall be found out."

"You can go back at once, Jane," said Lucilla.

"By myself?"

"Yes. Thank you for bringing me here—here I remain."

She had barely taken her seat again between Oscar and me before the door was softly opened from the outside. A long, thin, nervous hand stole in through the opening, took the servant by the arm, and drew her out into the passage. In her place, a man entered the room with his hat on. The man was Nugent Dubourg.

He stopped where the servant had stopped. He looked at Lucilla; he looked at his brother; he looked at me.

Not a word fell from him. There he stood, fronting the friend whom he had calumniated, and the brother whom he had betrayed. There he stood—with his eyes fixed on Lucilla, sitting between us—knowing that it was all over; knowing that the woman for whom he had degraded himself was a woman parted from him forever. There he stood, in the hell of his own making, and devoured his torture in silence.

On his brother's appearance, Oscar had risen, and had put his arm round Lucilla. He now advanced a step toward Nugent, still holding to him his betrothed wife.

I followed him, eagerly watching his face. There was no fear in me now of what he might do. Lucilla's blessed influence had found, and cast out, the lurking demon that had been hidden in him. With a mind attentive but not alarmed, I waited to see how he would meet the emergency that confronted him.

"Nugent!" he said, very quietly.

Nugent's head drooped—he made no answer.

Lucilla, hearing Oscar pronounce the name, instantly understood what had happened. She shuddered with horror. Oscar gently placed her in my arms, and advanced again alone toward his brother. His face expressed the struggle in him of some subtly mingling influences of love and anguish, of sorrow and shame. He recalled to me in the strangest manner my past experience of him when he had first trusted me with the story of the Trial, and when he had told me that Nugent was the good angel of his life.

He went up to the place at which his brother was standing. In the simple, boyish way so familiar to me in the by-gone time he laid his hand on his brother's arm.

"Nugent!" he said. "Are you the same dear, good brother who saved me from dying on the scaffold, and who cheered my hard life afterward? Are you the same bright, clever, noble fellow that I was always so fond of and so proud of?"

He paused, and removed his brother's hat. With careful, caressing hand, he parted his brother's ruffled hair over his forehead. Nugent's head sank lower. His face was distorted, his hands were clinched, in the dumb agony of remembrance which that tender voice and that kind hand had set loose in him. Oscar gave him time to recover himself: Oscar spoke next to me.

"You know Nugent," he said. "You remember, when we first met, my telling you that Nugent was an angel? You saw for yourself, when he came to Dimchurch, how kindly he helped me; how faithfully he kept my secrets; what a true friend he was? Look at him—and you will feel, as I do, that we have misunderstood and misinterpreted him in some monstrous way." He turned again to Nugent. "I daren't tell you," he went on, "what I have heard about you, and what I have believed about you, and what vile unbrotherly thoughts I have had of being revenged on you. Thank God, they are gone! My dear fellow, I look back at them—now I see you—as I might look back at a horrible dream. How *can* I see you, Nugent, and believe that you have been false to me? You, a villain who has tried to rob poor Me of the only woman in the world who cares for me! You, so handsome and so popular, who may marry any woman you like! It can't be. You have drifted innocently into some false position without knowing it. Defend yourself! No. Let *me* defend you. You sha'n't humble yourself to any body. Tell me how you have really acted toward Lucilla and toward me, and leave it to your brother to set you right with every body. Come, Nugent! lift up your head—and tell me what I shall say."

Nugent lifted his head, and looked at Oscar.

Ghastly as his face was, I saw something in his eyes, when he first fixed them on his brother, which again reminded me of past days—the days when he had joined us at Dimchurch, and when he used to talk of "poor Oscar" in the tender, light-hearted way that first won me. I thought once more of the memorable night interview between us at Browndown, when Oscar had left England. Again I called to mind the signs which had told of the nobler nature of the man pleading with him. Again I remembered the remorse which had moved him to tears—the effort he had made in my presence to atone for past misdoing, and to struggle for the last time against the guilty passion that possessed him. Was the nature which could feel that remorse utterly depraved? Was the man who had made that effort—the last of many that had gone before it—irredeemably bad? "Wait!" I whispered to Lucilla, trembling and weeping in my arms. "He will deserve our sympathy; he will win our pardon and our pity yet!"

"Come!" Oscar repeated. "Tell me what I shall say!"

Nugent drew from his pocket a sheet of paper with writing on it.

"Say," he answered, "that I gave notice of your marriage at the church here—and that I went to London and got you *this*."

He handed the sheet of paper to his brother. It was the Marriage License, taken out in his brother's name.

"Be happy, Oscar," he added. "*You* deserve it."

He threw one arm in his old, easy, protecting way round his brother. His hand, as he did this, touched the breast pocket of Oscar's coat. Before it was possible to stop him, his dextrous fingers had opened the pocket, and had taken from it a little toy pistol, with a chased silver handle of Oscar's own workmanship.

"Was this for me?" he asked, with a faint smile. "My poor boy! you could never have done it, could you?" He kissed Oscar's dark cheek, and put the pistol into his own pocket. "The handle is your work," he said. "I shall take it as your present to me. Return to Browndown when you are married. I am going to travel again. You shall hear from me before I leave England. God bless you, Oscar! Good-by."

He put his brother back from him with a firm and gentle hand. I attempted to advance with Lucilla, and speak to him. Something in his face—looking at me out of his mournful eyes, calm, stern, and superhuman, like a look of doom—warned me back from him, and filled me with the foreboding that I should see him no more. He walked to the door, and opened it—turned—and, fixing his farewell look on Lucilla, saluted us silently with a bend of his head. The door closed on him softly. In a few minutes only from the time when he had entered the room he had left us again—and left us forever.

We looked at each other—we could not speak. The void that he had left behind him was dreary and dreadful. I was the first who moved. In silence I led Lucilla back to our seat on the sofa, and beckoned to Oscar to go to her in my place.

This done, I left them—and went out to meet Lucilla's father on his return to the hotel. I wished to prevent him from disturbing them. After what had happened, it was good for them to be alone.

EPILOGUE.

MADAME PRATOLUNGO'S LAST WORDS.

Twelve years have passed since the events happened which it has been the business of these pages to relate. I am at my desk, looking idly at all the leaves of writing which my pen has filled, and asking myself if there is more yet to add before I have done.

There is more—not much.

Oscar and Lucilla claim me first. Two days after they were restored to each other at Sydenham they were married at the church in that place. It was a dull wedding. Nobody was in spirits but Mr. Finch. We parted in London. The bride and bridegroom returned to Browndown. The rector remained in town for a day or two visiting some friends. I went back to my father, to accompany him, as I had promised, on his journey from Marseilles to Paris.

As well as I remember, I remained a fortnight abroad. In the course of that time I received kind letters from Browndown. One of them announced that Oscar had heard from his brother.

Nugent's letter was not a long one. It was dated at Liverpool, and it announced his embarkation for America in two hours' time. He had heard of a new expedition to the arctic regions—then fitting out in the United States—with the object of discovering the open polar sea supposed to be situated between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. It had instantly struck him that this expedition offered an entirely new field of study to a landscape painter in search of the sublimest aspects of Nature. He had decided on volunteering to join the arctic explorers, and he had already raised the necessary money for his outfit by the sale of the only valuables he possessed—his jewelry and his books. If he wanted more, he engaged to apply to Oscar. In any case, he promised to write again before the expedition sailed. And so, for the present only, he would bid his brother and sister affectionately farewell.—When I afterward looked at the letter myself, I found nothing in it which referred in the slightest degree to the past, or which hinted at the state of the writer's own health and spirits.

I returned to our remote Southdown village, and occupied the room which Lucilla had herself prepared for me at Browndown.

I found the married pair as tranquil and as happy in their union as a man and woman could be. The absent Nugent dwelt a little sadly in their minds at times, I suspect, as well as in mine. It was perhaps on this account that Lucilla appeared to me to be quieter than she used to be in her maiden days. However, my presence did something toward restoring her to her old spirits, and Grosse's speedy arrival exerted its enlivening influence in support of mine.

As soon as the gout would let him get on his feet he presented himself with his instruments at Browndown, eager for another experiment on Lucilla's eyes. "If my operations had failed," he said, "I should not have plagued you no more. But my operations has not failed: it is you who have failed to take care of your nice new eyes when I gave them to you." In those terms he endeavored to persuade her to let him attempt another operation. She steadily refused to submit to it, and the discussion that followed roused her famously.

More than once afterward Grosse tried to make her change her mind. He tried in vain. The disputes between the two made the house ring again. Lucilla found all her old gayety in refuting the grotesque arguments and persuasions of our worthy German. To me—when I once or twice attempted to shake her resolution—she replied in another way, merely repeating the words she had said to me at Sydenham, "My life lives in my love. And my love lives in my blindness." It is only right to add that Mr. Sebright, and another competent authority consulted with him, declared unhesitatingly that she was right. Under any circumstances, Mr. Sebright was of opinion that the success of Grosse's operation could never have been more than temporary. His colleague, after examining Lucilla's eyes at a later period, entirely agreed with him. Which was in the right—these two or Grosse—who can say? As blind Lucilla, you first knew her. As blind Lucilla, you see the last of her now. If you feel inclined to regret this, remember that the one thing essential was the thing she possessed. Her life was a happy one. Bear this in mind—and don't forget that your conditions of happiness need not necessarily be her conditions also.

In the time I am now writing of, the second letter from Nugent arrived. It was written the evening before he sailed for the polar seas. One line in it touched us deeply. "Who knows whether I shall ever see England again? If a boy is born to you, Oscar, call him by my name—for my sake."

Inclosed in this letter was a private communication from Nugent addressed to me. It was the confession to which I have alluded in my notes attached to Lucilla's Journal. These words only were added at the end: "You now know every thing. Forgive me—if you can. I have not escaped without suffering: remember that." After making use of the narrative, as you already know, I have burned it all, except those last lines.

At distant intervals we heard twice of the exploring ship from whaling vessels. Then there was a long, dreary interval without news of any sort. Then a dreadful report that the expedition was lost. Then the confirmation of the report—a lapse of a whole year, and no tidings of the missing men.

They were well provided with supplies of all kinds, and there was a general hope that they might be holding out. A new expedition was sent—and sent vainly—in search of them overland. Rewards were offered to whaling vessels to find them, and were never earned. We wore mourning for Nugent; we were a melancholy household. Two more years passed before the fate of the lost expedition was discovered. A ship in the whale trade, driven out of her course, fell in with a wrecked and dismantled vessel lost in the ice. Let the last sentences of the captain's report tell the story.

"......The wreck was drifting along a channel of open water when we first saw it. Before long it was brought up by an iceberg. I got into my boat with some of my sailors, and we rowed to the vessel.

"Not a man was to be seen on the deck, which was covered with snow. We hailed, and got no reply. I looked in through one of the circular glazed port-holes astern, and saw dimly the figure of a man seated at a table. I knocked on the thick glass, but he never moved. We got on deck, and opened the cabin hatchway, and went below. The man I had seen was before us, at the end of the cabin. I led the way, and spoke to him. He made no answer. I looked closer, and touched one of his hands which lay on the table. To my horror and astonishment, he was a frozen corpse.

"On the table before him was the last entry in the ship's log:

"'Seventeen days since we have been shut up in the ice! Our fire went out yesterday. The captain tried to light it again, and has failed. The surgeon and two seamen died of cold this morning. The rest of us must soon follow. If we are ever discovered, I beg the person who finds me to send this—'

"There the hand that held the pen had dropped into the writer's lap. The left hand still lay on the table. Between the frozen fingers we found a long lock of a woman's hair, tied at each end with a blue ribbon. The open eyes of the corpse were still fixed on the lock of hair.

"The name of this man was found in his pocket-book. It was Nugent Dubourg. I publish the name in my report, in case it may meet the eyes of his friends.

"Examination of the rest of the vessel, and comparison of dates with the date of the log-book, showed that the officers and crew had been dead for more than two years. The positions in which we found the frozen men, and the names where it was possible to discover them, are here set forth as follows......"

That "lock of a woman's hair" is now in Lucilla's possession. It will be buried with her, at her own request, when she dies. Ah, poor Nugent! Are we not all sinners? Remember the best of him, and forget the worst, as we do.

I still linger over my writing—reluctant to leave it, if the truth must be told. But what more is there to say? I hear Oscar hammering away at his chasing, and whistling blithely over his work. In another room Lucilla is teaching the piano to her little girl. On my table is a letter from Mrs. Finch, dated from one of our distant colonies—over which Mr. Finch (who has risen gloriously in the world) presides pastorally as bishop. He harangues the "natives" to his heart's content: and the wonderful natives like it. "Jicks" is in her element among the aboriginal members of her father's congregation: there are fears that the wandering Arab of the Finch family will end in marrying "a chief." Mrs. Finch—I don't expect you to believe this—is anticipating another confinement.

Lucilla's eldest boy—called Nugent—has just come in, and stands by my desk. He lifts his bright blue eyes up to mine; his round, rosy face expresses strong disapproval of what I am doing. "Aunty," he says, "you have written enough. Come and play."

The boy is right. I must put away my manuscript and leave you. My excellent spirits are a little dashed at parting. I wonder whether you are sorry too? I shall never know! Well, I have many blessings to comfort me on closing my relations with you. I have kind souls who love me; and—observe this!—I stand on my political principles as firmly as ever. The world is getting converted to my way of thinking: the Pratolungo programme, my friends, is coming to the front with giant steps. Long live the Republic! Farewell.

THE END.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A cool young gent, all of the modern days, entered a menagerie with a cigar in his mouth, when the proprietor politely requested the visitor not to teach the other monkeys bad habits. The young man proved himself equal to the occasion by producing his cigar-case and saying, "Try one."

PAT'S VIEW OF TOOTH-PULLING.

Och, doctor, me darlint, just come here a minnit;
I've got a bad tooth, and the divil is in it;
It kapes sich a hoppin' and jumpin' about,
I think, on me sowl, I must have the thing out.

Och! now do be careful; 'tis uncommonly tinder.
Oh! Mother of Moses!! Oh!!! Murther!!!!
Is it out? Faith, I thought you, for sartin,
The top of me head from me body was partin'!

The sinsation, I say, was uncommonly queer,
As though a big engine went in at each ear,
And met each the other with a terrible crash,
Which sint all their fixin's to gineral smash.

And now for this torture I suppose I must pay?
How much is it, Sir? A half dollar, did you say?
It's too much for a half minnit's work.
You ought to pay me; 'twas earned with a *jirk*.
The blacksmith will pull thirty minnits, and is willin'
To pull thirty more, and he'll charge but a shillin'.

What kind of a wife should a cutler select?—A *cut-lass*, of course.

A wife who had been lecturing her husband for coming home intoxicated became incensed at his indifference, and exclaimed, "Oh, that I could wring tears of anguish from your eyes!" To which the hardened wretch hiccoughed, "Tai-'tain't no use, old woman, to bo-bore for water here."

"Excuse this bit of sarcasm," said Smith to Jones, "but I must say that you are an infamous scoundrel!" "Pardon this bit of irony," was replied, as a poker descended on Smith's head.

"Have you much fish in your bag?" was asked of a fisherman. "Yes, I have a good eel in it."

Appropriate Names.—For a printer's wife, Em; for a sporter's wife, Bet-ty; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a teamster's wife, Carrie; for a fisherman's wife, Net-ty; for a shoe-maker's wife, Peg-gy; for a carpet-man's wife, Mat-tie; for an auctioneer's wife, Bid-dy; for a chemist's wife, Ann Eliza; for an engineer's wife, Bridge-it.

Civil Service—Good waiters.

Market Reports.—Tongue, plenty, but going fast; brains, scarce and wanted; cheek, full supply; pluck, market bare; hearts, unsteady, price fluctuating, mostly sold for cash on delivery.

Toilers of the See—Opticians.

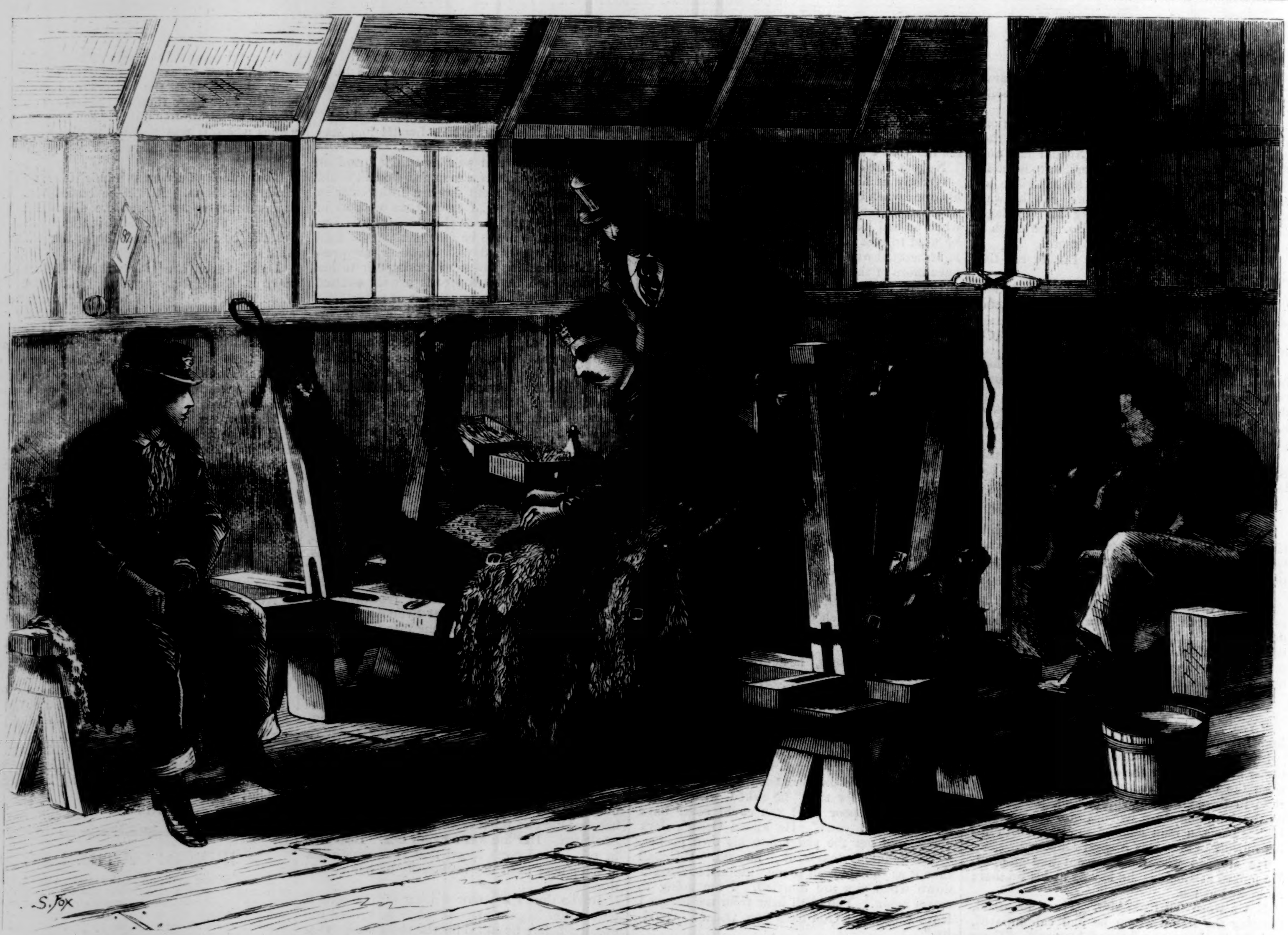
A demure-looking chap hailed a charcoal peddler with the query, "Have you got charcoal in your wagon?" "Yes, Sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses. "That's right," observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; "always tell the truth, and people will respect you!" and he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

Irredeemable Bonds—Vagabonds.

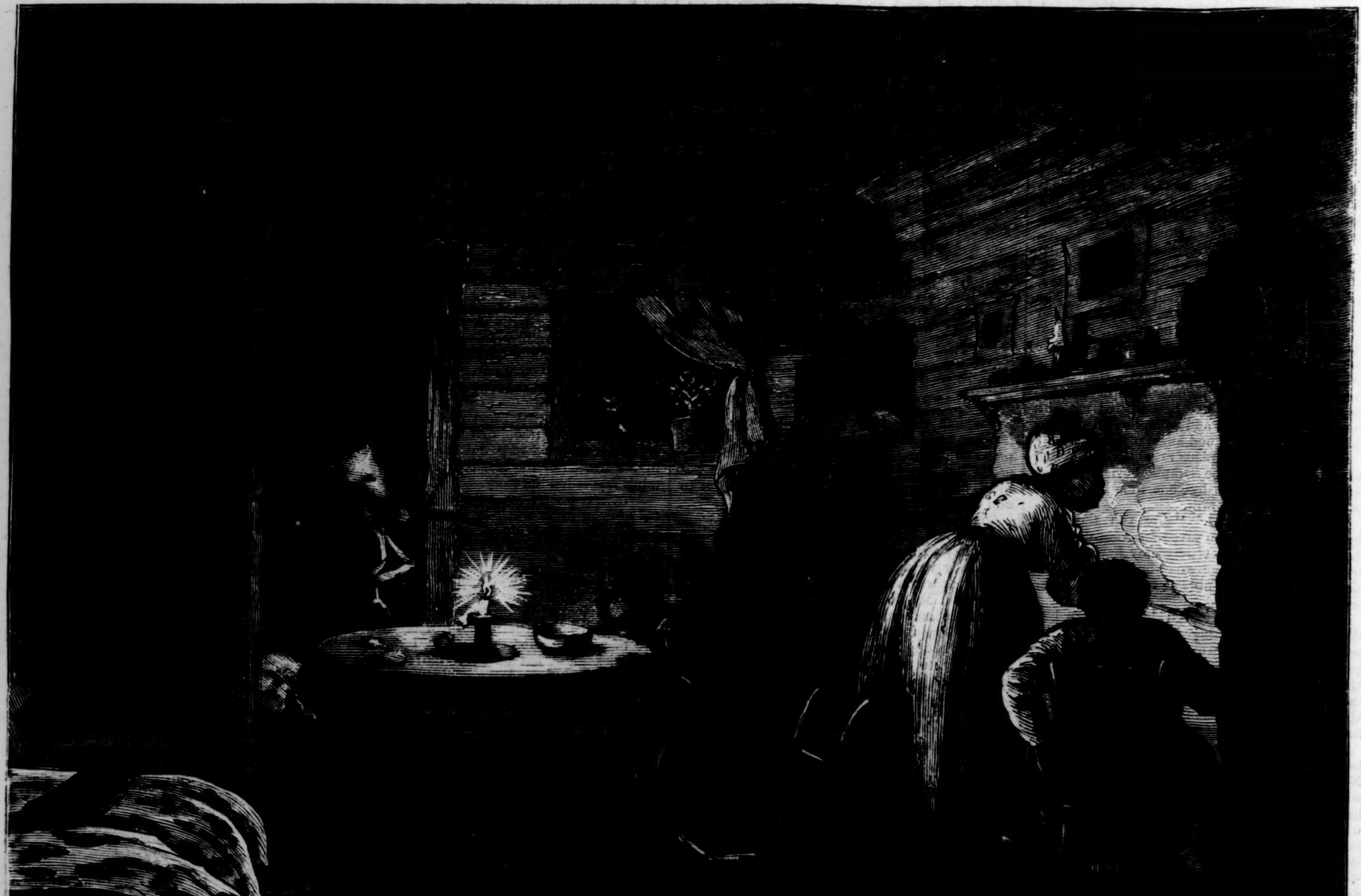
At an examination by a Scotch minister of his flock, previous to the administration of the communion, a man was asked, "What kind of a man was Adam?" "Ou, just like ither foulk!" The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation. "Weel," said the respondent, "he was just like Joe Simpson, the horse-couper." "How so?" asked the minister. "Weel, naebody got ony one thing by him, and mony lost."

Wheels go best when they are thoroughly tired.

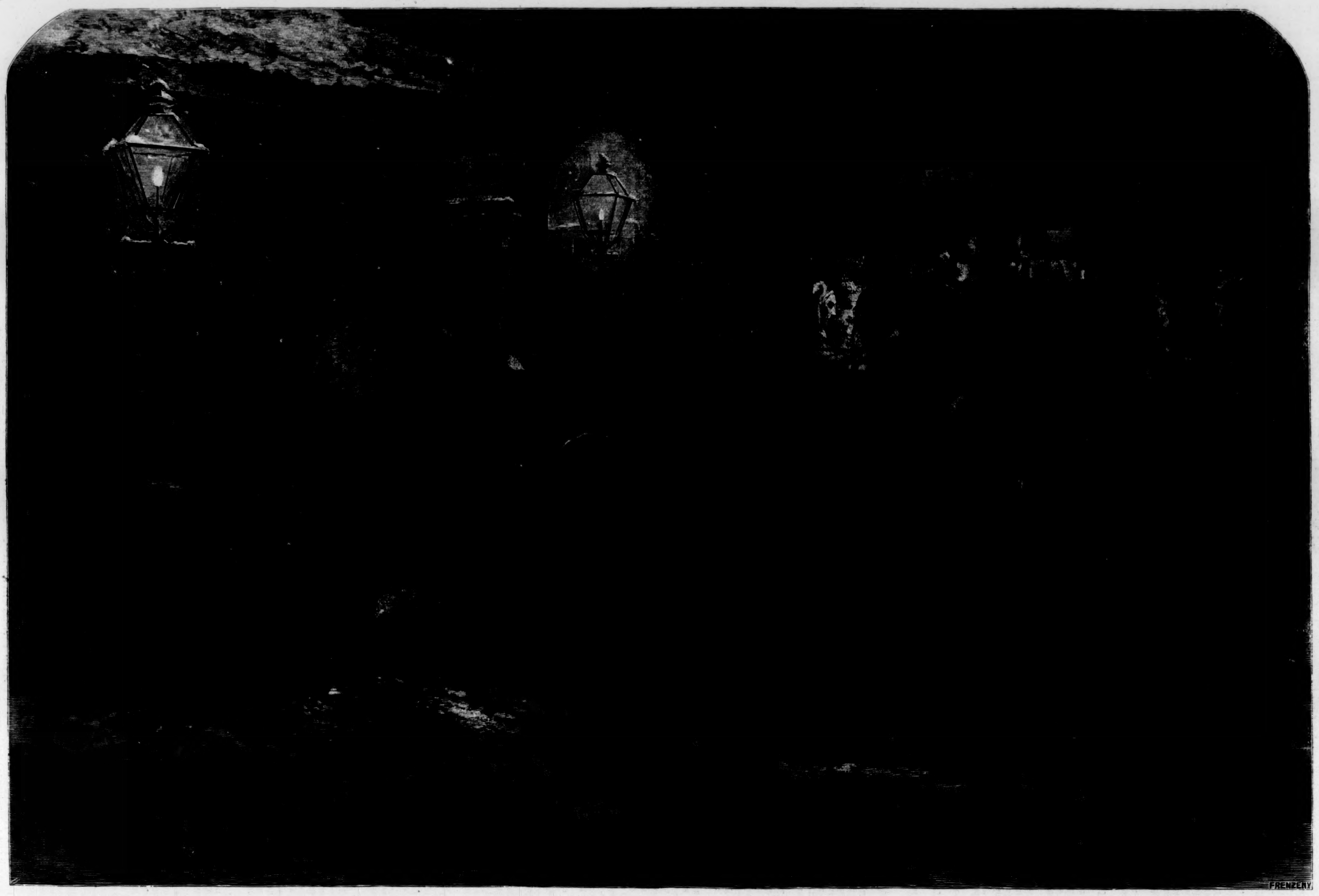
Here's a comical advertisement: "To the Drapery Trade.—Wanted, a young man, to be partly out-door and partly behind the counter." What will be the result when the door slams?



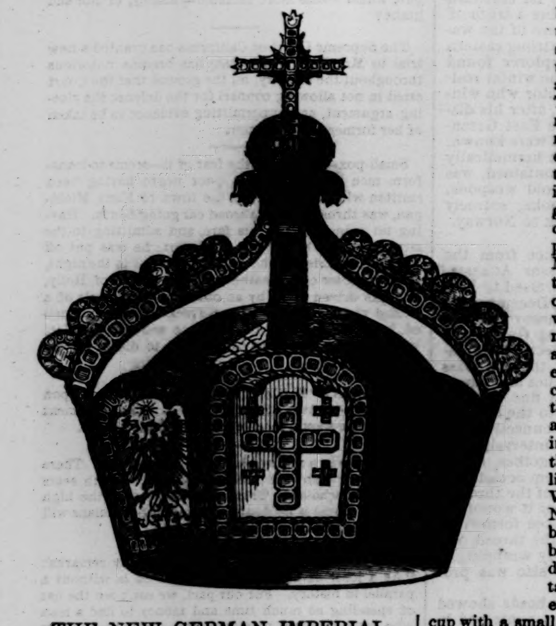
TAKING VIRUS FROM THE CALF.—Drawn by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 157.]



VISIT OF THE KU-KLUX.—Drawn by Frank Bellew.—[See Page 157.]



STARTED AT LAST.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 166.]



THE NEW GERMAN IMPERIAL CROWN.

THE above is an illustration of the new German imperial crown, drawn from a most competent source in Berlin. In general features it resembles the old crown, but in several of its details is quite different. For instance, in the ornaments of the separate shields, which alternately show a cross and the imperial eagle; and also in the fact that it has an arch, on the summit of which rests the imperial globe.

THE MOLTKE MEDAL.

WE give above a fac-simile of the famous MOLTKE medal, which was struck in bronze at Amiens last February, from an original in the possession of Mr. LINDE, of Berlin. As but fifty copies were struck, these medals are very rare. An excellent full-face portrait of Count MOLTKE is on one side, and on the reverse the Prussian eagle, with the inscription, *Kaiserthum Deutschland*, or the German Empire. The other inscription, *Halgemein Von Moltke*, is ludicrous in the extreme. The engraver, thinking that "general" ought to be translated into German, consulted a dictionary, and finding *Allgemein* in the sense of "common" given as a synonym for "general," thereupon gave it in a peculiarly French orthography; so that the inscription on the face of the medal really reads, *The Common Von Moltke*.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

Book II.

OLD AND YOUNG.

CHAPTER XVII.

> "The clerkly person smiled and said,
> Promise was a pretty maid,
> But being poor, she died unwed."

THE Rev. Camden Farebrother, whom Lydgate went to see the next evening, lived in an old parsonage, built of stone, venerable enough to match the church which it looked out upon. All the furniture too in the house was old, but with another grade of age—that of Mr. Farebrother's father and grandfather. There were painted white chairs, with gilding and wreaths on them, and some lingering red silk damask with slits in it. There were engraved portraits of Lord Chancellors and other celebrated lawyers of the last century; and there were old pier-glasses to reflect them, as well as the little satin-wood tables and the sofas resembling a prolongation of uneasy chairs, all standing in relief against the dark wainscot. This was the physiognomy of the drawing-room into which Lydgate was shown; and there were three ladies to receive him, who were also old-fashioned, and of a faded but genuine respectability: Mrs. Farebrother, the Vicar's white-haired mother, befrilled and kerchiefed with dainty cleanliness, upright, quick-eyed, and still under seventy; Miss Noble, her sister, a tiny old lady of meeker aspect, with frills and kerchief decidedly more worn and mended; and Miss Winifred Farebrother, the Vicar's elder sister, well-looking like himself, but nipped and subdued as single women are apt to be who spend their lives in uninterrupted subjection to their elders. Lydgate had not expected to see so quaint a group: knowing simply that Mr. Farebrother was a bachelor, he had thought of being ushered into a snuggery where the chief furniture would probably be books and collections of natural objects. The Vicar himself seemed to wear rather a changed aspect, as most men do when acquaintances made elsewhere see them for the first time in their own homes; some indeed showing like an actor of genial parts disadvantageously cast for the curmudgeon in a new piece. This was not the case with Mr. Farebrother: he seemed a trifle milder and more silent, the chief talker being his mother, while he only put in a good-humored moderating remark here and there. The old lady was evidently accustomed to tell her company what they ought to think, and to regard no subject as quite safe without her steering. She was afforded leisure for this function by having all her little wants attended to by Miss Winifred. Meanwhile tiny Miss Noble carried on her arm a small basket into which she diverted a bit of sugar, which she had first dropped in her saucer as if by mistake; looking round furtively afterward, and reverting to her tea-cup with a small innocent noise as of a tiny timid quadruped. Pray think no ill of Miss Noble. That basket held small savings from her more portable food, destined for the children of her poor friends, among whom she trotted on fine mornings; fostering and petting all needy creatures being so spontaneous a delight to her that she regarded it much as if it had been a pleasant vice that she was addicted to. Perhaps she was conscious of being tempted to steal from those who had much that she might give to those who had nothing, and carried in her conscience the guilt of that repressed desire. One must be poor to know the luxury of giving!

Mrs. Farebrother welcomed the guest with a lively formality and precision. She presently informed him that they were not often in want of medical aid in that house. She had brought up her children to wear flannel and not to overeat themselves, which last habit she considered the chief reason why people needed doctors. Lydgate pleaded for those whose fathers and mothers had overeaten themselves, but Mrs. Farebrother held that view of things dangerous: Nature was more just than that: it would be easy for any felon to say that his ancestors ought to have been hanged instead of him. If those who had bad fathers and mothers were bad themselves, they were hanged for that. There was no need to go back on what you couldn't see.

"My mother is like old George the Third," said the Vicar, "she objects to metaphysics."

"I object to what is wrong, Camden. I say, keep hold of a few plain truths, and make every thing square with them. When I was young, Mr. Lydgate, there never was any question about right and wrong. We knew our catechism, and that was enough; we learned our creed and our duty. Every respectable Church person had the same opinions. But now, if you speak out of the Prayer-book itself, you are liable to be contradicted."

"That makes rather a pleasant time of it for those who like to maintain their own point," said Lydgate.

"But my mother always gives way," said the Vicar, slyly.

"No, no, Camden, you must not lead Mr. Lydgate into a mistake about *me*. I shall never show that disrespect to my parents, to give up what they taught me. Any one may see what comes of turning. If you change once, why not twenty times?"

"A man might see good arguments for changing once, and not see them for changing again," said Lydgate, amused with the decisive old lady.

"Excuse me there. If you go upon arguments, they are never wanting, when a man has no constancy of mind. My father never changed, and he preached plain, moral sermons without arguments, and was a good man—few better. When you get me a good man made out of arguments, I will get you a good dinner with reading you the cookery-book. That's my opinion, and I think any body's stomach will bear me out."

"About the dinner, certainly, mother," said Mr. Farebrother.

"It is the same thing, the dinner or the man. I am nearly seventy, Mr. Lydgate, and I go upon experience. I am not likely to follow new lights, though there are plenty of them here as elsewhere. I say they came in with the mixed stuffs that will neither wash nor wear. It was not so in my youth—a Churchman was a Churchman, and a clergyman, you might be pretty sure, was a gentleman, if nothing else. But now he may be no better than a Dissenter, and want to push aside my son on pretense of doctrine. But whoever may wish to push him aside, I am proud to say, Mr. Lydgate, that he will compare with any preacher in this kingdom, not to speak of this town, which is but a low standard to go by; at least to my thinking, for I was born and bred at Exeter."

"A mother is never partial," said Mr. Farebrother, smiling. "What do you think Tyke's mother says about him?"

"Ah, poor creature! what indeed?" said Mrs. Farebrother, her sharpness blunted for the moment by her confidence in maternal judgments. "She says the truth to herself, depend upon it."

"And what is the truth?" said Lydgate. "I am curious to know."

"Oh, nothing bad at all," said Mr. Farebrother. "He is a zealous fellow: not very learned, and not very wise, I think—because I don't agree with him."

"Why, Camden!" said Miss Winifred, "Griffin and his wife told me only to-day that Mr. Tyke said they should have no more coals if they came to hear you preach."

Mrs. Farebrother laid down her knitting, which she had resumed after her small allowance of tea and toast, and looked at her son as if to say, "You hear that?" Miss Noble said, "Oh, poor things! poor things!" in reference, probably, to the double loss of preaching and coal. But the Vicar answered quickly:

"That is because they are not my parishioners. And I don't think my sermons are worth a load of coals to them."

"Mr. Lydgate," said Mrs. Farebrother, who could not let this pass, "you don't know my son: he always undervalues himself. I tell him he is undervaluing the God who made him, and made him a most excellent preacher."

"That must be a hint for me to take Mr. Lydgate away to my study, mother," said the Vicar, laughing. "I promised to show you my collection," he added, turning to Lydgate: "shall we go?"

All three ladies remonstrated. Mr. Lydgate ought not to be hurried away without being allowed to accept another cup of tea: Miss Winifred had abundance of good tea in the pot. Why was Camden in such haste to take a visitor to his den? There was nothing but pickled vermin, and drawers full of blue-bottles and moths, with no carpet on the floor. Mr. Lydgate must excuse it. A game at cribbage would be far better. In short, it was plain that a vicar might be adored by his womankind as the king of men and preachers, and yet be held by them to stand in much need of their direction. Lydgate, with the usual shallowness of a young bachelor, wondered that Mr. Farebrother had not taught them better.

"My mother is not used to my having visitors who can take any interest in my hobbies," said the Vicar, as he opened the door of his study, which was indeed as bare of luxuries for the body as the ladies had implied, unless a short porcelain pipe and a tobacco-box were to be excepted.

"Men of your profession don't generally smoke," he said. Lydgate smiled and shook his head. "Nor of mine either, properly, I suppose. You will hear that pipe alleged against me by Bulstrode and Company. They don't know how pleased the devil would be if I gave it up."

"I understand. You are of an excitable temper, and want a sedative. I am heavier, and should get idle with it. I should rush into idleness, and stagnate there with all my might."

"And you mean to give it all to your work. I am some ten or twelve years older than you, and have come to a compromise. I feed a weakness or two lest they should get clamorous. See," continued the Vicar, opening several small drawers, "I fancy I have made an exhaustive study of the entomology of this district. I am going on both with the fauna and flora; but I have at least done my insects well. We are singularly rich in orthoptera: I don't know whether—Ah! you have got hold of that glass jar—you are looking into that instead of my drawers. You don't really care about these things?"

"Not by the side of this lovely anencephalous monster. I have never had time to give myself much to natural history. I was early bitten with an interest in structure, and it is what lies most directly in my profession. I have no hobby besides. I have the sea to swim in there."

"Ah! you are a happy fellow," said Mr. Farebrother, turning on his heel and beginning to fill his pipe. "You don't know what it is to want spiritual tobacco—bad emendations of old texts, or small items about a variety of *Aphis Brassicæ*, with the well-known signature of Philomicron, for the *Twaddler's Magazine;* or a learned treatise on the entomology of the Pentateuch, including all the insects not mentioned, but probably met with by the Israelites in their passage through the desert; with a monograph on the Ant, as treated by Solomon, showing the harmony of the Book of Proverbs with the results of modern research. You don't mind my fumigating you?"

Lydgate was more surprised at the openness of this talk than at its implied meaning—that the Vicar felt himself not altogether in the right vocation. The neat fitting up of drawers and shelves, and the book-case filled with expensive illustrated books on Natural History, made him think again of the winnings at cards and their destination. But he was beginning to wish that the very best construction of every thing that Mr. Farebrother did should be the true one. The Vicar's frankness seemed not of the repulsive sort that comes from an uneasy consciousness seeking to forestall the judgment of others, but simply the relief of a desire to do with as little pretense as possible. Apparently he was not without a sense that his freedom of speech might seem premature, for he presently said:

"I have not yet told you that I have the advantage of you, Mr. Lydgate, and know you better than you know me. You remember Trawley who shared your apartment at Paris for some time? I was a correspondent of his, and he told me a good deal about you. I was not quite sure when you first came that you were the same man. I was very glad when I found that you were. Only I don't forget that you have not had the like prologue about me."

Lydgate divined some delicacy of feeling here, but did not half understand it. "By-the-way," he said, "what has become of Trawley? I have quite lost sight of him. He was hot on the French social systems, and talked of going to the Backwoods to found a sort of Pythagorean community. Is he gone?"

"Not at all. He is practicing at a German bath, and has married a rich patient."

"Then my notions wear the best, so far," said Lydgate, with a short, scornful laugh. "He would have it, the medical profession was an inevitable system of humbug. I said the fault was in the men—men who truckle to lies and folly. Instead of preaching against humbugs outside the walls, it might be better to set up a disinfecting apparatus within. In short—I am reporting my own conversation—you may be sure I had all the good sense on my side."

"Your scheme is a good deal more difficult to carry out than the Pythagorean community, though. You have not only got the old Adam in yourself against you, but you have got all those descendants of the original Adam who form the society around you. You see, I have paid twelve or thirteen years more than you for my knowledge of difficulties. But"—Mr. Farebrother broke off a moment, and then added, "you are eying that glass vase again. Do you want to make an exchange? You shall not have it without a fair barter."

"I have some sea-mice—fine specimens—in spirits. And I will throw in Robert Brown's new thing—'Microscopic Observations on the Pollen of Plants'—if you don't happen to have it already."

"Why, seeing how you long for the monster, I might ask a higher price. Suppose I ask you to look through my drawers and agree with me about all my new species?" The Vicar, while he talked in this way, alternately moved about with his pipe in his mouth, and returned to hang rather fondly over his drawers. "That would be good discipline, you know, for a young doctor who has to please his patients in Middlemarch. You must learn to be bored, remember. However, you shall have the monster on your own terms."

"Don't you think men overrate the necessity for humoring every body's nonsense, till they get despised by the very fools they humor?" said Lydgate, moving to Mr. Farebrother's side, and looking rather absently at the insects ranged in fine gradation, with names subscribed in exquisite writing. "The shortest way is to make your value felt, so that people must put up with you whether you flatter them or not."

"With all my heart. But then you must be sure of having the value, and you must keep yourself independent. Very few men can do that. Either you slip out of service altogether, and become good for nothing, or you wear the harness and draw a good deal where your yoke-fellows pull you. But do look at these delicate orthoptera!"

Lydgate had, after all, to give some scrutiny to each drawer, the Vicar laughing at himself, and yet persisting in the exhibition.

"Apropos of what you said about wearing harness," Lydgate began, after they had sat down, "I made up my mind some time ago to do with as little of it as possible. That was why I determined not to try any thing in London, for a good many years at least. I didn't like what I saw when I was studying there—so much empty bigwiggism, and obstructive trickery. In the country people have less pretension to knowledge, and are less of companions, but for that reason they affect one's *amour-propre* less: one makes less bad blood, and can follow one's own course more quietly."

"Yes—well—you have got a good start; you are in the right profession, the work you feel yourself most fit for. Some people miss that, and repent too late. But you must not be too sure of keeping your independence."

"You mean of family ties?" said Lydgate, conceiving that these might press rather tightly on Mr. Farebrother.

"Not altogether. Of course they make many things more difficult. But a good wife—a good unworldly woman—may really help a man, and keep him more independent. There's a parishioner of mine—a fine fellow, but who would hardly have pulled through as he has done without his wife. Do you know the Garths? I think they were not Peacock's patients."

"No; but there is a Miss Garth at old Featherstone's, at Lowick."

"Their daughter: an excellent girl."

"She is very quiet—I have hardly noticed her."

"She has taken notice of you, though, depend upon it."

"I don't understand," said Lydgate; he could hardly say, "Of course."

"Oh, she gauges every body. I prepared her for confirmation—she is a favorite of mine."

Mr. Farebrother puffed a few moments in silence, Lydgate not caring to know more about the Garths. At last the Vicar laid down his pipe, stretched out his legs, and turned his bright eyes with a smile toward Lydgate, saying:

"But we Middlemarchers are not so tame as you take us to be. We have our intrigues and our parties. I am a party man, for example, and Bulstrode is another. If you vote for me you will offend Bulstrode."

"What is there against Bulstrode?" said Lydgate, emphatically.

"I did not say there was any thing against him except that. If you vote against him you will make him your enemy."

"I don't know that I need mind about that," said Lydgate, rather proudly; "but he seems to have good ideas about hospitals, and he spends large sums on useful public objects. He might help me a good deal in carrying out my ideas. As to his religious notions—why, as Voltaire said, incantations will destroy a flock of sheep if administered with a certain quantity of arsenic. I look for the man who will bring the arsenic, and don't mind about his incantations."

"Very good. But then you must not offend your arsenic-man. You will not offend me, you know," said Mr. Farebrother, quite unaffectedly. "I don't translate my own convenience into other people's duties. I am opposed to Bulstrode in many ways. I don't like the set he belongs to: they are a narrow, ignorant set, and do more to make their neighbors uncomfortable than to make them better. Their system is a sort of worldly-spiritual cliqueism: they really look on the rest of mankind as a doomed carcass which is to nourish them for heaven. But," he added, smilingly, "I don't say that Bulstrode's new hospital is a bad thing; and as to his wanting to oust me from the old one—why, if he thinks me a mischievous fellow, he is only returning a compliment. And I am not a model clergyman—only a decent make-shift."

Lydgate was not at all sure that the Vicar maligned himself. A model clergyman, like a model doctor, ought to think his own profession the finest in the world, and take all knowledge as mere nourishment to his moral pathology and therapeutics. He only said, "What reason does Bulstrode give for superseding you?"

"That I don't teach his opinions—which he calls spiritual religion; and that I have no time to spare. Both statements are true. But then I could make time, and I should be glad of the forty pounds. That is the plain fact of the case. But let us dismiss it. I only wanted to tell you that if you vote for your arsenic-man, you are not to cut me in consequence. I can't spare you. You are a sort of circumnavigator come to settle among us, and will keep up my belief in the antipodes. Now tell me all about them in Paris."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Oh, Sir, the loftiest hopes on earth
Draw lots with meaner hopes: heroic breasts,
Breathing bad air, run risk of pestilence;
Or, lacking lime juice when they cross the Line,
May languish with the scurvy."

SOME weeks passed after this conversation before the question of the chaplaincy gathered any practical import for Lydgate, and without telling himself the reason, he deferred the predetermination on which side he should give his vote. It would really have been a matter of total indifference to him—that is to say, he would have taken the more convenient side, and given his vote for the appointment of Tyke without any hesitation—if he had not cared personally for Mr. Farebrother.

But his liking for the Vicar of St. Botolph's grew with growing acquaintanceship. That, entering into Lydgate's position as a new-comer who had his own professional objects to secure, Mr. Farebrother should have taken pains rather to warn off than to obtain his interest, showed an unusual delicacy and generosity, which Lydgate's nature was keenly alive to. It went along with other points of conduct in Mr. Farebrother which were exceptionally fine, and made his character resemble those southern landscapes which seem divided between natural grandeur and social slovenliness. Very few men could have been as filial and chivalrous as he was to the mother, aunt, and sister, whose dependence on him had in many ways shaped his life rather uneasily for himself; few men who feel the pressure of small needs are so nobly resolute not to dress up their inevitably self-interested desires in a pretext of better motives. In these matters he was conscious that his life would bear the closest scrutiny; and perhaps the consciousness encouraged a little defiance toward the critical strictness of persons whose celestial intimacies seemed not to improve their domestic manners, and whose lofty aims were not needed to account for their actions. Then, his preaching was ingenious and pithy, like the preaching of the English Church in its robust age, and his sermons were delivered without book. People outside his parish went to hear him; and, since to fill the church was always the most difficult part of a clergyman's function, here was another ground for a careless sense of superiority. Besides, he was a likable man: sweet-tempered, ready-witted, frank, without grins of suppressed bitterness or other conversational flavors which make half of us an affliction to our friends. Lydgate liked him heartily, and wished for his friendship.

With this feeling uppermost, he continued to waive the question of the chaplaincy, and to persuade himself that it was not only no proper business of his, but likely enough never to vex him with a demand for his vote. Lydgate, at Mr. Bulstrode's request, was laying down plans for the internal arrangements of the new hospital, and the two were often in consultation. The banker was always presupposing that he could count in general on Lydgate as a coadjutor, but made no special recurrence to the coming decision between Tyke and Farebrother. When the General Board of the Infirmary had met, however, and Lydgate had notice that the question of the chaplaincy was thrown on a council of the directors and medical men, to meet on the following Friday, he had a vexed sense that he must make up his mind on this trivial Middlemarch business. He could not help hearing within him the distinct declaration that Bulstrode was prime minister, and that the Tyke affair was a question of office or no office; and he could not help an equally pronounced dislike to giving up the prospect of office. For his observation was constantly confirming Mr. Farebrother's assurance that the banker would not overlook opposition. "Confound their petty politics!" was one of his thoughts for three mornings in the meditative process of shaving, when he had begun to feel that he must really hold a court of conscience on this matter. Certainly there were valid things to be said against the election of Mr. Farebrother: he had too much on his hands already, especially considering how much time he spent on non-clerical occupations. Then, again, it was a continually repeated shock, disturbing Lydgate's esteem, that the Vicar should obviously play for the sake of money, liking the play indeed, but evidently liking some end which it served. Mr. Farebrother contended on theory for the desirability of all games, and said that Englishmen's wit was stagnant for want of them; but Lydgate felt certain that he would have played very much less but for the money. There was a billiard-room at the Green Dragon, which some anxious mothers and wives regarded as the chief temptation in Middlemarch. The Vicar was a first-rate billiard-player, and though he did not frequent the Green Dragon, there were reports that he had sometimes been there in the daytime, and had won money. And as to the chaplaincy, he did not pretend that he cared for it, except for the sake of the forty pounds. Lydgate was no Puritan, but he did not care for play, and winning money at it had always seemed a meanness to him; besides, he had an ideal of life which made this subservience of conduct to the gaining of small sums thoroughly hateful to him. Hitherto in his own life his wants had been supplied without any trouble to himself, and his first impulse was always to be liberal with half crowns as matters of no importance to a gentleman; it had never occurred to him to devise a plan for getting half crowns. He had always known in a general way that he was not rich, but he had never felt poor, and he had no power of imagining the part which the want of money plays in determining the actions of men. Money had never been a motive to him. Hence he was not ready to frame excuses for this deliberate pursuit of small gains. It was altogether repulsive to him, and he never entered into any calculation of the ratio between the Vicar's income and his more or less necessary expenditure. It was possible that he would not have made such a calculation in his own case.

And now, when the question of voting had come, this repulsive fact told more strongly against Mr. Farebrother than it had done before. One would know much better what to do if men's characters were more consistent, and especially if one's friends were invariably fit for any function they desired to undertake! Lydgate was convinced that if there had been no valid objection to Mr. Farebrother, he would have voted for him, whatever Bulstrode might have felt on the subject: he did not intend to be a vassal of Bulstrode's. On the other hand, there was Tyke, a man entirely given to his clerical office, who was simply curate at a chapel of ease in St. Peter's parish, and had time for extra duty. Nobody had any thing to say against Mr. Tyke, except that they could not bear him, and suspected him of cant. Really, from his point of view, Bulstrode was thoroughly justified.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE hear with great regret that Professor HUXLEY's health has given way, the result of overwork. His medical advisers give every hope that two months' complete rest will be sufficient to restore him entirely to his usual vigor, and for this purpose he has already started on a tour to Egypt. In addition to his own work, several courses of lectures, and constant contributions on scientific and philosophical subjects to the English magazines, Professor HUXLEY has a seat on the Royal Commission on Scientific Education, and is a most active and useful member of the London School Board, constituted under the recent Education act.

A young hippopotamus was recently born at the gardens of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park, London, the third time such an event has occurred in Europe. The first infant born at the gardens lived only a week, and this last was even more short-lived, dying the day after its birth. As on the previous occasion, the mother became so ferocious immediately after the birth had taken place that it was with the greatest difficulty the keeper could enter the cage. Neither time did the mother suckle her child.

The Department of Public Charities and Correction, in New York, has just published a report of the cruise of the school-ship *Mercury*, in the tropical Atlantic, in 1870–71, under the command of Captain GIRAUD. This vessel, like the Massachusetts school-ship, is intended to give practical training in seamanship to a class of vagabond boys, of whom no other disposition could be made; and as this was the first experiment in New York, the result was looked for with a great deal of interest. This was entirely satisfactory, as out of a crew of 258 boys over 100 were, in the opinion of the captain, capable, on the return of the ship, of discharging the duties of ordinary seamen. The vessel in question sailed from Hart's Island on the 20th of December, 1870, and after stopping at the Madeira and Canary islands, arrived at Sierra Leone on the 14th of February. Leaving on the 21st of February, the vessel proceeded in a straight line to the island of Barbadoes, a distance of about 2800 miles, and thence returned to New York.

What especially concerns us in the present instance, however, is the fact that the voyage was utilized in the interest of science by a series of deep-sea soundings and dredgings, prosecuted between Sierra Leone and Barbadoes, these ranging in depth from 500 to 3100 fathoms, and embracing in the results specimens of the sea-bottom, as also temperatures at various depths. The results of the voyage in this respect have been ably discussed by Professor HENRY DRAPER, of the New York University, and in a report published by the Department of Public Charities and Correction.

As a general conclusion, he informs us that there exists, all over the bottom of the tropical Atlantic and the Caribbean Sea, a stratum of cold water, the temperature of which is below 50° F. The general observations, in Professor DRAPER's opinion, confirm the theory of Dr. CARPENTER in regard to the existence of a general movement of the lower water of the Atlantic toward the equator, and a corresponding flow of the surface water toward the pole.

We have already referred to the voyage of PAYER and WEYPRECHT during the past summer, in which they reached a high latitude without difficulty, in a region previously supposed to be closed by ice; and we have since learned that after their return Captain MACK sailed from the coast of Nova Zembla as far eastward as 81°, in open water, without seeing a trace of ice in any direction, the temperature of the water being as high as 44° F., with a strong eastern current. Another Norwegian explorer found on Nova Zembla the remains of the winter residence of BARENTZ, a Dutch navigator who wintered in Nova Zembla in 1596–97, after his discovery of Spitzbergen, and before East Greenland, Baffin Bay, or Behring Strait were known. A log-house, filled with ice, which hermetically sealed up the objects which it contained, was found well preserved, and many old weapons, tools, cooking utensils, and hooks, scarcely touched by time, were carried back to Norway.

The first contribution to science from the *Hassler* expedition, under Professor AGASSIZ, appears in the form of a letter addressed to Professor PEIRCE, dated St. Thomas, December 15. In this it is stated that, in the course of the frequent examination of the floating Gulf-weeds made daily, for the purpose of collecting the marine animals that usually inhabit them, a mass of this weed was found the branches and leaves of which were united together by fine threads, wrapping it in every direction into the form of a ball. The threads forming the connecting material were elastic, and beaded at intervals; the beads being sometimes close together, sometimes more remote, a bunch of them occasionally hanging from the same cluster of the threads. From the accounts of the professor it would appear as if a globular mass had been formed by wrapping up a small quantity in the thread, and then adding more, and continually wrapping it up, until a ball of considerable size was produced.

A careful examination of these beads showed that they were in reality the eggs contained in the substance of the threads, and in some the embryo was sufficiently far advanced to prove that they belonged to a fish. The mass was preserved and watched until some became detached and were free in the water; and by a very interesting process of critical investigation, the fish itself being too small for identification, it was ascertained, mainly through the structure of the pigment-cells, that they belonged to a small species, quite common in the Gulf Stream, known as *Chironectes pictus*. In this genus the pectoral fins are supported on arm-like appendages, giving them the power of hands; a somewhat similar structure in some allied forms enabling them, when thrown on the shore, to walk or crawl back leisurely into the water.

It is somewhat remarkable that these eggs should have been found in the month of December, when the great majority of species lay their eggs in early spring. It is possible that *Chironectes pictus* may be an exception to the general rule.

A scarcely less interesting peculiarity is seen in regard to the eggs of the goose-fish, or the common fishing-frog, of the Atlantic coast. This is an extremely hideous-looking species, shaped like a much depressed tadpole, with an enormous head and huge mouth, and sometimes weighing from fifty to one hundred pounds. It is known to naturalists as *Lophius americanus*.

The eggs of this species are contained in an immense flat sheet of mucus, sometimes thirty or forty feet long, and twelve to fifteen wide, which, when floating along the surface of the ocean, resembles nothing so much as a lady's brown veil. The mucus is so tenacious as to admit of being wrapped around an oar and dragged on board a vessel, but is extremely slippery, and readily escapes from one's grasp. The eggs, or embryos, are disseminated throughout this sheet at the rate of ten to twenty to the square inch, and by their brownish color tend to give the impression just referred to. The number of eggs in one of these sheets is enormous, in some instances exceeding a million.

We have to record the death in Reading, Pennsylvania, on the 26th of December, 1871, of Mr. CHARLES KESSLER, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Mr. KESSLER was for a long time a leading politician in Berks County, and subsequently one of the associate judges of the county courts. In his career, however, in both these relations, he was known as an ardent and successful student of entomology, devoting himself to the lepidoptera, or butterflies, and bringing together a very large collection of insects of this order. We have not heard what disposition is to be made of this collection, but we presume it will ultimately come into the possession of some one of the natural history museums of the country.

For three days during the last week in December, 1871, vast schools of small blue-fish were noticed in Beaufort Harbor, North Carolina, in company with fat-backs and yellow-tailed shad, apparently slowly working toward the sea by the route of the inlet. They were coming from the southward through the sound, and swam very slowly, at times nearly leaving the sound and then returning. Efforts made to capture some were unsuccessful. A few fat-backs only were taken. Their size as estimated (leaping from the water) was four inches; some much smaller. As many as twenty schools were observed at once from the wharf at Fort Macon, each of an area of about sixty to eighty feet square. The schools appeared to be from four to six feet in depth.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN former times, when it was the foolish fashion for women to wear thin-soled shoes, it was once said that a truthful statement on many a tombstone would be, "Died of thin shoes." Such, who in ignorance or thoughtlessness made out their own death-warrant, deserved pity. But how much more those of whom it might be as truthfully said, "Died of a broken rail," or, "Died of a collision!"—those who unknowingly go to their death through the carelessness or mismanagement of others! It is said that a so-called "accident" has never occurred in Germany from the breaking of rails, and yet steam-cars have been running on iron ways in that country for thirty or forty years. Scientific experiment has determined how long, on the average, iron rails will last; and railroad companies are bound by law to put down new rails at certain intervals, whether they appear worn or not. A small part of the road is renewed each year. In this country the *expense* of such a system would be the objection at once raised. In view of recent terrible railroad disasters, which seems more valuable—money, or life and limbs?

The Supreme Court of California has granted a new trial to Mrs. Fair, whose case has become notorious throughout the country, on the ground that the Court erred in not allowing counsel for the defense the closing argument, and in permitting evidence to be taken of her former bad character.

Small-pox—or, rather, the fear of it—seems to transform men into brutes. A poor negro having been smitten with the malady in the town of Flint, Michigan, was thrust into a railroad car going South. Having no money to pay his fare, and admitting to the conductor that he had the small-pox, he was put off the train to perish in the cold. He set out in the night, through bitter cold weather, for the village of Holly, but was driven away by an officer at the muzzle of a loaded pistol. Sick, starving, freezing, and exhausted, he made his way through the snow to Pontiac, where he was graciously permitted to die in an old shed.

Rothermel's "Battle of Gettysburg" is painted upon an immense canvas, 33 feet by 19 feet. The agreement was that he should receive from the State $35,000.

Boston is in a fair way to be the learned city. There are in the "Hub" 912 public school-rooms, with seats for 45,350 scholars. There are 2350 seats in the high school. There is no doubt that young Bostonians will have book-learning enough.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* cynically remarks: "As a loser of himself Dr. Livingstone is without a parallel in history. For our part, we can't see the use of spending so much time and money to find a man who can't be hired to stay found, and who is never happy except when he is lost."

The *Swiss Times* states that the largest and finest collection in the world of St. Bernard dogs belongs to an English clergyman of West Kirby, Cheshire. He has been an enthusiastic breeder of this race of dogs, and has collected many of the finest specimens on the Continent. Sometimes there have been as many as fifty St. Bernards in his famous kennels. The fame of this collection has so far spread in both hemispheres that the monks of St. Bernard themselves have written to Mr. Macdona—the clergyman referred to—stating that they look to him to supply their losses, should any catastrophe again threaten to extinguish this noble race of dogs. An American gentleman last summer crossed the Atlantic purposely to visit the West Kirby kennels.

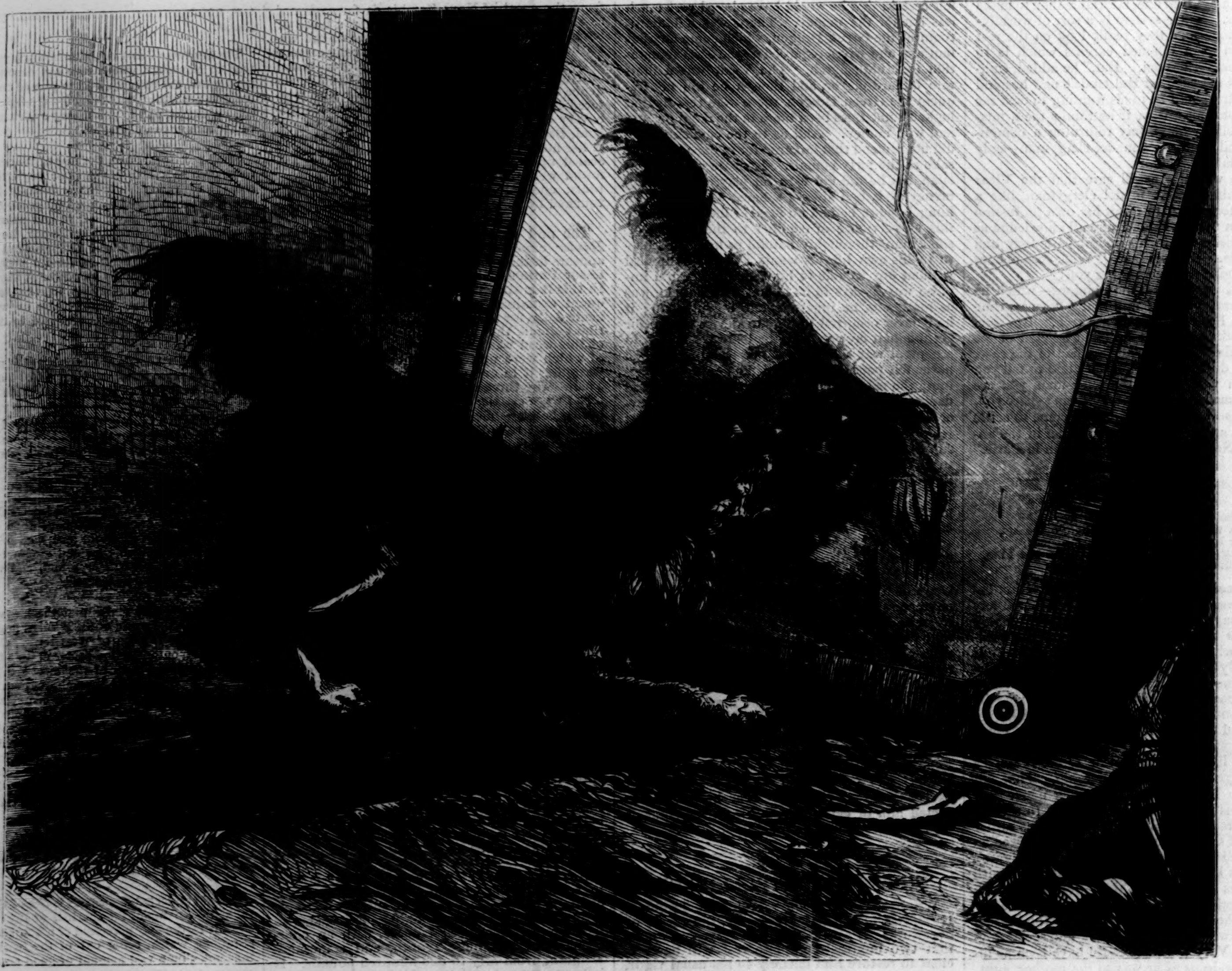
Hotels on the "American plan" are becoming popular across the seas, while hotels on the "European plan" are growing in favor here.

A well-conducted dispensary is one of the most useful and deserving of the charities of any city, and New York is fortunately possessed of a number of these institutions, which, being out of the reach of corrupt influences, do a vast amount of good among the poor classes. One of the most prominent and well-conducted is the Western Homeopathic Dispensary, located at No. 578 Ninth Avenue, near Forty-second Street, a part of the city otherwise destitute of such institutions, and densely populated. During the four years of its existence it has demonstrated the great necessity for such a charity in that locality, and last year treated over sixteen thousand patients, and gave out about forty thousand prescriptions, free of all charge. The trustees are prominent citizens, and the corps of physicians and surgeons comprises some of the most eminent in the profession. It is to be hoped that the Legislature, and citizens generally, will liberally provide for an institution which is capable of doing so much good work.

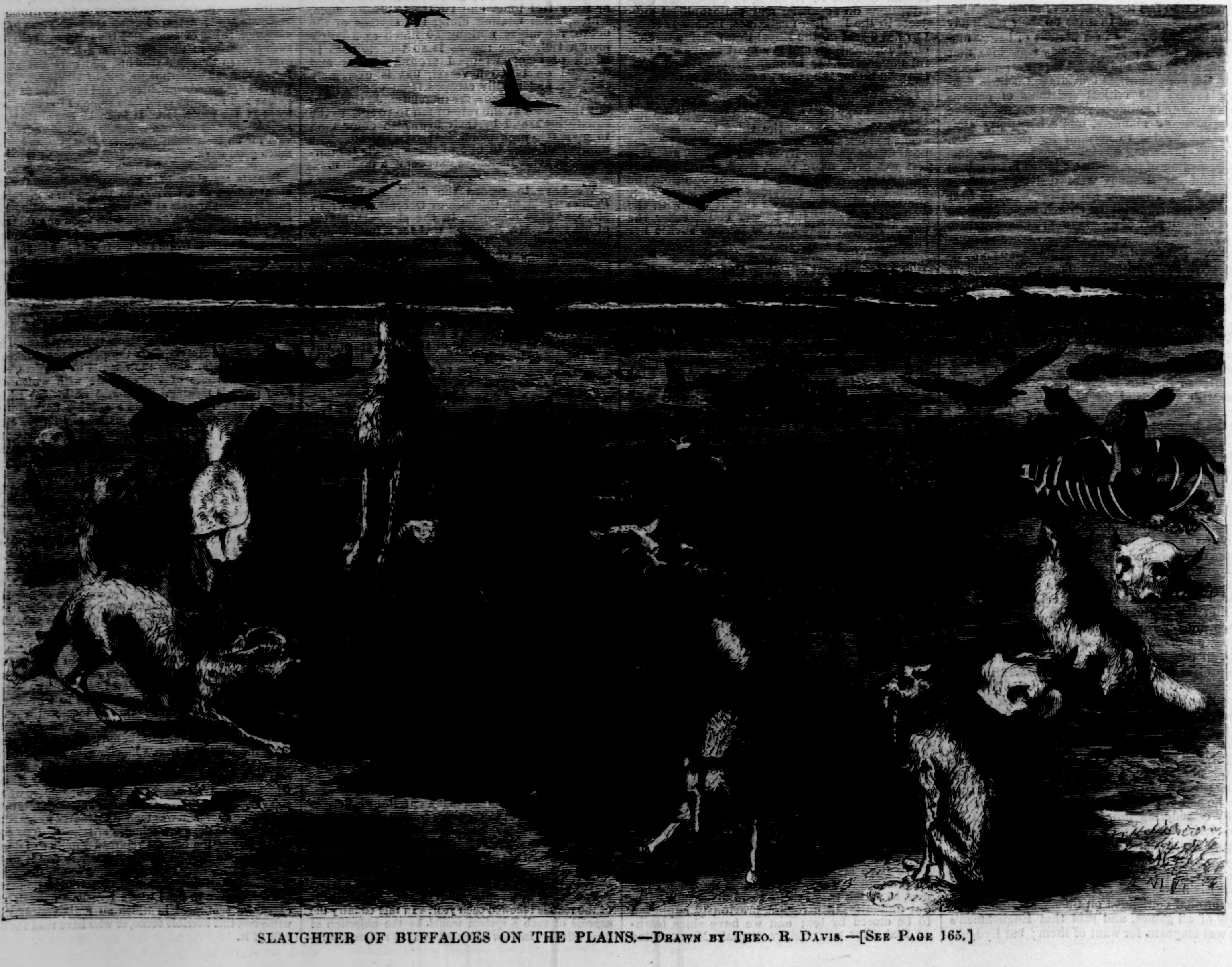
Reports are given of a pleasant party, numbering about thirty, who, having, on New-Year's morning, paid the compliments of the season to the ex-imperial couple at Chiselhurst, partook with them of a substantial luncheon in the dining-room of Camden House. The most curious feature of the feast was a huge peasant-and-truffles pie sent from Windsor, with Queen Victoria's compliments. The pie was pronounced good—so good that even Napoleon, who is reputed to be a very light eater, added a small piece of it, by way of courtesy, to his usual two boiled eggs.

A problem of the day is "How to live on a small income," and its discussion in the newspapers makes a pleasant variety among the records of murders, suicides, and crimes of every nature with which the daily press is reeking. Of course an income which seems small to some persons appears bountiful to others. But the experiences of those who are honestly striving to live within their means can scarcely fail to be beneficial and helpful to others who can not yet see "how it is done."

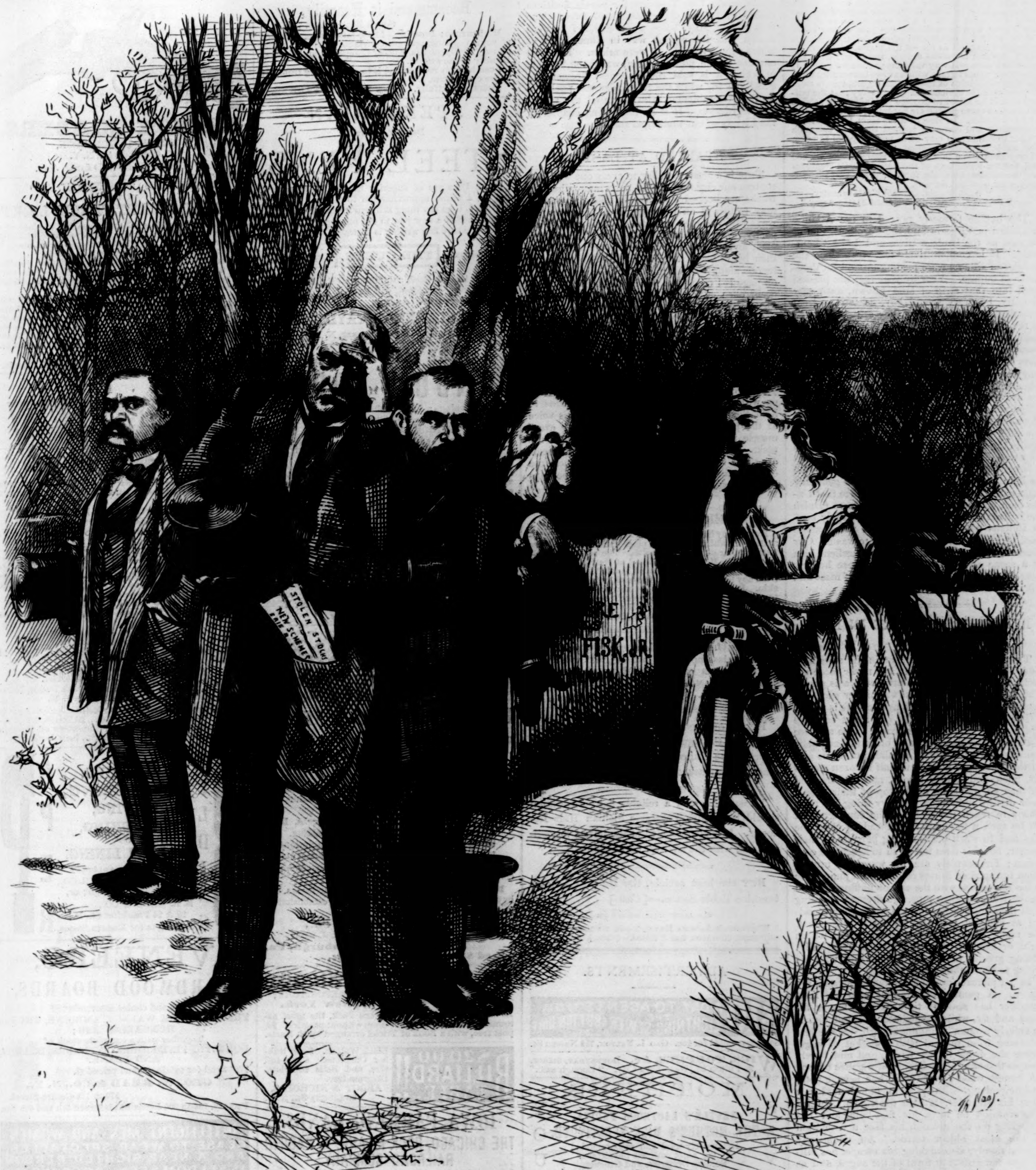
A most frightful tragedy recently occurred in an English menagerie in Bolton, near Manchester. Maccarte, a young man known as a "lion-tamer," entered a cage in which were five lions, all powerful animals. Some performances were passed through safely, when Maccarte noticed that an African lion appeared restive. He fixed his eye upon him, and while his attention was thus diverted from the other animals, an Asiatic lion crept stealthily toward him, seized him by the hip, and threw him down. At the same moment the African lion fastened upon his shoulder. Maccarte had previously lost an arm while performing in a circus; but drawing a short sword which formed part of his costume, he fought desperately, while assistants without the cage did all that was possible to drive away the infuriated beasts. The panic-stricken crowd which had assembled to witness the feats of the "lion-tamer" never imagined such a horrible struggle as now ensued. One after another the lions joined in the attack, until all five were mangling the wretched man. Pistols were discharged at them; they were beaten and stabbed; but not until hot iron bars were applied to their noses did they release Maccarte, and retreat behind a sliding-door, which was closed upon them. Conscious, but literally torn in pieces, the poor man was tenderly removed by his comrades, only to die a few minutes afterward. The coroner's jury at the inquest returned a verdict of death by misadventure, and added, "The jury feel it to be their bounden duty to express their entire disapprobation of the reckless custom of so-called lion-tamers performing in dens where ferocious animals are caged"—a sentiment in which all must concur who witnessed this horrible scene, or who have read the details of it.



UNPLEASANT REFLECTIONS.



SLAUGHTER OF BUFFALOES ON THE PLAINS.—DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 165.]



"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES."

Jay Gould. "ALL THE SINS OF ERIE LIE BURIED HERE."
Justice. "I AM NOT QUITE SO BLIND."

"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES."

IT is evidently the intention of the surviving managers of the Erie road to throw all the odium of their official misconduct upon the unscrupulous man who lately fell by the hand of an assassin, and who now sleeps in his grave. Not content with having used him in his lifetime as a tool to do their dirtiest work, now that he is dead they seek to make him the scape-goat for all their sins, and would fain have us believe that with his "taking off" there is an end of all wickedness.

As if an enlightened public could be so easily blinded to the existence of notorious facts! That JAMES FISK, Jun., was foremost in carrying out all the wicked schemes concocted in the Erie office no one will doubt who is at all familiar with the operations of the past four years; but that he was capable of planning the work no one will believe who knew any thing of his mental calibre. Given a certain clearly defined project, no matter how evil or desperate, and he would accomplish it at all hazards. But he never rose to the ability of conceiving the gigantic schemes in which he was called to operate. The power of originating in this direction belonged to men of more sagacious minds than his, and these men live to-day, and their work goes on. They may shed tears over the grave of the dead man, and proclaim the sins of Erie buried with him forever, but it will avail them nothing so long as their misdeeds continue.

Who that has read the infamous Confiscation bill now before the State Legislature will believe that the system of plundering is at an end? or who will doubt that the Erie managers were the framers of the bill? Here is the document complete:

AN ACT in reference to holding interests in Real Estate by Aliens.

The People of the State of New York, represented in the Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SEC. 1. Whenever an information under oath shall be filed in the office of the Attorney-General of this State that *any alien* holds, or claims to hold, any interest, *directly* or *indirectly*, in real estate, or rights in real estate, within this State, by deed, assignment, *or stock certificate*, or otherwise, except in accordance with the statutes in such case made and provided, and heretofore passed, it shall be the duty of the Attorney-General, *within ten days thereafter*, to proceed, in the *Supreme Court* of this State, in the same District in which such property, or *some portion thereof*, is situated, for a forfeiture of the same to the people of this State.

SEC. 2. In case on a hearing, *by default or otherwise*, it shall be shown to the Court that such alien does hold, or claims to hold, any interest, directly or indirectly, in such real estate, or rights in real estate, within this State, such interest in said real estate, and all such alien's rights therein, *shall become the property of the people of this State.*

SEC. 3. *This act shall take effect immediately.*

In studying this remarkable document our readers have only to bear in mind the fact that the monstrous Erie Classification bill will probably soon be repealed, in which case a new election of managers must shortly follow, resulting in the overthrow of the present directorship. Then will come an opening of the books to the inspection of the public, followed by revelations of a startling character. To prevent this disagreeable turn of affairs the conspirators believe it to be necessary only to get possession of the 60,000 shares belonging to English holders. They stole these once, and carried an election by voting on them, but were finally compelled to restore them to the owners. Now they need them again, and they mean, if possible, under this bill, to take them.

Should the act pass—nobody believes it will—the Erie managers would probably go into court, call for the production of the shares, have their own receiver appointed, and then hold the stock at pleasure, defying either State or "aliens" to get them out of their possession. Gentlemen of the Legislature, will you dare pass the bill?

SLAUGHTER OF BUFFALOES.

THE wanton killing of game in this country is condemned by every genuine sportsman, not one of whom will fail to indorse the sentiments contained in the following timely letter, written from Hays City by General HAZEN to Mr. HENRY BERGH, giving some idea of the foolish destruction of this valuable source of food:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, FORT HAYS, KANSAS, *January* 20, 1872.

"*H. Bergh, Esq.:*

"DEAR SIR,—Hoping to interest you, and through you the people of the country and Congress, I would respectfully state that the extraordinary introduction of railroads into and across the wilds of our country has made the vast herds of wild buffalo of the plains accessible to all classes of people, and each year vast numbers are slaughtered for so-called sport, and a greater number by hunters for their hides, which net about one dollar each. I have seen numbers of men this winter who have during the past season killed 1000 each for the paltry sum of one dollar apiece, the carcasses being left to rot on the plains. The buffalo is a noble and harmless animal, timid, and as easily taken as a cow, and very valuable as food for man. It lives upon a short grass which grows luxuriantly upon the high arid plains of this middle region, that is from dryness unfit for agriculture. The theory that the buffalo should be killed to deprive the Indians of food is a fallacy, as these people are becoming harmless under a rule of justice. In view of these facts, I would most respectfully and earnestly request that you use such proper influences as may be at your disposal to bring this subject before Congress, with the intention of having such steps taken as will prevent this wicked and wanton waste both of the lives of God's creatures and the valuable food they furnish. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"W. B. HAZEN, Colonel Sixth Infantry,
"Brevet Major-General United States Army."

The buffalo formerly ranged to the Atlantic sea-board in Virginia and the Carolinas, and as far east as the Hudson River and Lake Champlain. It is comparatively few years since the prairies of Illinois were feeding-ground for thousands of buffalo. Year by year they are pressed back into that strip of land known, until very recently, by every school-boy, as "The Great American Desert," where they are slaughtered at the rate of several hundred thousand per annum. Of this vast number but a comparatively small percentage is killed for food or fur. Travelers shoot into the herds from coaches and railway cars, without expecting to secure the game, which they seldom do more than wound. Hunters will in a single run bring down several, and a few pounds of meat is all that is taken from any animal. Indeed, it would seem that strenuous efforts are made to exterminate the bison within the shortest convenient time. This is all very well for the wolves, coyotes, and ravens, but it is neither wise nor sportsman-like. It should be here remarked that army officers generally deprecate this work, and seem to realize that Uncle Sam will presently be called upon to furnish funds from the government purse to supply beef to Indians who are now well fed with buffalo beef, which they are careful never to waste. Our illustration on page 164 gives an excellent idea of a scene on the buffalo range, where hunters have destroyed thousands of pounds of meat and left it to fatten the wolves.

RUNNING TO A FIRE IN NEW YORK.

THE perils of pedestrianism in the streets of New York are always great, but never more so, perhaps, than when an alarm of fire is given. The attempt to cross Broadway under such circumstances is often as much as one's life is worth.

The illustration given by our artist on page 156 is not in the least overdrawn. One may see it almost every day on one or other of our public thoroughfares. Directly an alarm of fire is given the horses are hitched to half a dozen steamers, hook-and-ladder trucks, and tenders, and off they go, galloping at the top of their speed, their drivers indifferent to every thing but their efforts to reach the scene of the conflagration. To be sure, a foreman runs ahead to clear the way and to warn unsuspecting persons of their danger, but this does not seem to lessen the confusion; for scarcely are his warnings uttered when the spirited horses come on full jump close to his very heels, with the engine puffing fire and smoke from its huge pipe, the firemen shouting until they are hoarse, and the truck gong sounding at shortest intervals with startling effect. To make matters worse, every horse within sight or hearing rears and plunges frantically, adding greatly to the peril of persons who are trying to reach the sidewalks.

In our picture several hair-breadth escapes are shown. A gentleman crossing with his little daughter has scarcely time to seize her in his arms and fly, while immediately behind him is an elderly woman in imminent peril. She is just returning from market with a basket of eggs. These she drops in her fright, and now barely escapes through the assistance of a police officer. An honest wood-sawyer who has been quietly trudging along, with pipe in mouth and saw upon his shoulder, is also overtaken. In his consternation he loses his foot-hold, and lies sprawling on the ground, his face a revelation of the most abject terror. An exquisitely dressed dandy, also making his escape, has fallen over the prostrate form of the negro, and as he lies there one can scarcely suppress a smile at the ludicrous figure which he cuts. Other escapes equally marvelous are noted, and with a degree of faithfulness that will be recognized at once.

Whatever faults may attach to the new department, it is certainly a vast improvement over the old one as it was in the latter days. No doubt there are bad men in it yet, but there are not nearly as many as there were in the days of the rowdy volunteer system. Then there was but little choice between being burned out and robbed of every thing, as at every fire the thieves among them stole every thing of value that they could lay their hands on. Sometimes, indeed, a false alarm would be given for no other purpose than to give an opportunity for plundering a store or dwelling-house. As for street fights between rival companies, these were of every-day occurrence, and sometimes were the occasion of bloodshed and death. No one who remembers these things has been surprised, then, to hear that these men of the old force eagerly lent themselves to certain schemes of villainy proposed by a shameless member of the present State Assembly.

The swindling operations to which we refer have recently been well aired before the Grand Jury, and the result has been the indictment of many of the parties concerned. It appears from the published accounts that two onslaughts were made on the City Treasury for purely fictitious claims in behalf of the disbanded force. The first was in May, 1869, when $49,277 34 were drawn, and the second was in June, 1870, at which time $459,977 77 were taken. The total amount of the plunder, then, was $509,255 11, of which it is said the dishonest firemen got $292,783 16, while the remainder was pocketed by the Assemblyman who procured the necessary legislation. It is an interesting chapter in the history of our municipal frauds.

STARTED AT LAST.

THIS is a scene familiar to every one who patronizes our city railroads in midwinter, when the tracks are heaped with freshly fallen snow, and easy transit is an impossibility. The cars, always full, are then crowded to their utmost capacity, every available inch of space being occupied, and as the poor horses are unable to draw their heavy loads, a dead halt ensues at short intervals along the entire route. Our illustration on page 161 conveys a fair impression of such an occurrence. The car has been at a stand-still for a long time, despite every effort of the worn-out animals to drag it on, and now, as a last resort, a score of passengers are summoned to assist in the work of locomotion. This they do—a few cheerfully, but the many with reluctance—and plunging into the snow-heaps, press forward with all their might. The driver's assistant jumps from the platform too, and lays the whip on without mercy, while the driver remains to hold the lines and shout at the top of his voice at the poor creatures who are stretching every muscle in the vain endeavor to accomplish the task. At last, by one mighty effort, the wheels are made to turn, and in a few minutes more the car is again on its way, only to be stuck perhaps before another ten blocks are passed.

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EVERY lady has been wanting for years a toilet preparation in which she could place confidence, and use without fear of injuring health. The recent analysis made by the Metropolitan Board of Health has proven that Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is entirely free from any thing detrimental to health or injurious to the skin. It can be used without showing the slightest trace of its use. Will leave the skin soft, smooth, and delicately beautiful. Sold at all druggists and fancy-goods stores. Depot, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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THOSE who wish a reliable hair preparation should buy Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. It is compounded of the purest ingredients and with the strictest care.—[*Com.*]

BUY the best article, the Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce.—[*Com.*]

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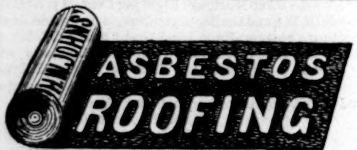

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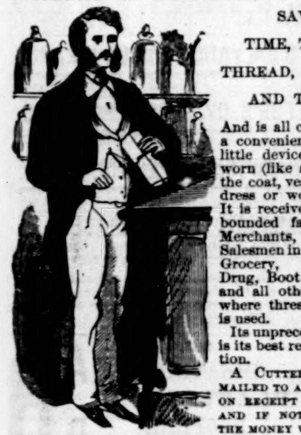

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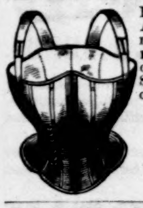

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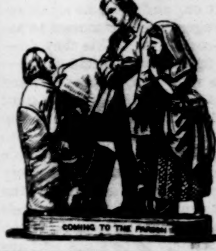

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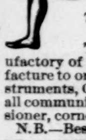

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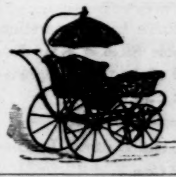

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